

# MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 1 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

WHY BRITAIN CHOSE CHURCHILL  
by Blair Fraser from London

I MARRIED AN INDIAN

MACLEAN'S 6th ALL-STAR RUGBY TEAM  
Picked by TED REEVE





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## EDITORIAL

# The Princess and the Striped-Pants Curtain

ONLY BY an eleventh-hour return to sanity did the architects of the Royal Tour abstain from perpetrating one of the saddest fiascos in Canada's recent history.

Although common sense did rear its unfamiliar head in the later stages, the program on balance still had many of the elements of a cruel and pointless hoax. It was a hoax against the friendly young couple who came to visit us; it was a hoax against the millions of ordinary people who were eager to make them welcome.

Stripped of all the fancy language the tour had two main purposes: to allow Princess Elizabeth and her husband to see Canada and its people and to allow Canada's people to see them. The box score on both counts was unimpressive.

In the face of Princess Elizabeth's repeated requests that the tour be made as informal as possible, we laid out a program for her that—in its early stages at least—was a monument of formality and stuffiness. In the face of our certain knowledge that the rigors of his office have seriously harmed the health of her father, we subjected this not over-robust young woman to a marathon of ceremony that would have taxed the staying powers of a lumberjack. In the face of her hopeful reiterations that she wished to see as many children as possible, we repeatedly drove her at speeds up to thirty miles an hour through streets lined with children in order that she should not be late to meet the same adults she had met already and in some cases was inexorably committed to meet again. Under the pretext of entertaining her, we forced her to stand for hours shaking hands with people she had no hope of getting to know and to sit for still longer hours in that grisliest of torture chambers, the place of honor at a State Meal.

We do not suggest that protocol could or should have been set aside. It was quite fitting that, in all the major ports of call, the suitable officials should have conveyed the suitable official greetings and seen to it that the royal guests did not go hungry, neglected or inadequately protected. These duties were discharged, and discharged with great zeal, by the nation's personages. The lamentable fact is that, generally speaking, the personages seldom had humility or courtesy enough, once they had paid their respects, to get out of the way and give the people a chance.

The loaded, unequal struggle between the people and the personages took a considerable turn for the better after one of the more imaginative personages, Mayor Don Mackay of Calgary, picked a handful of kids from a crowded grandstand and presented them to the royal couple without making a single enquiry into their ancestry or even looking behind their ears. A number of other dignitaries followed his lead in one way or another and what at least one writer covering the tour described as the striped-pants curtain gradually thinned out.

The job we did of showing Canada to the Princess was almost as spotty as the job we did of showing her to Canada. It is true that she saw some of our finest scenery, perhaps as much of it as the limited time she had would allow. She saw, too, some of the things that have a special place in our ways of living and working and enjoying ourselves: ballet in Winnipeg, lacrosse in Vancouver, a paper mill in northern Ontario. But for every hour she spent seeing the things that are fundamental to our ways—the farms, the mines, the factories—she spent several hours seeing the things that are only incidental and ancillary to our ways—the city halls, the lieutenant-governors' residences, the best cutlery in our best hotels.

We hope the Princess and her husband will come back, and soon. When they do, we believe most Canadians will share our further hope that the pomposity and ineptitude which she encountered at so many stages of her first visit will be the accidental exception rather than the planned and promulgated rule.

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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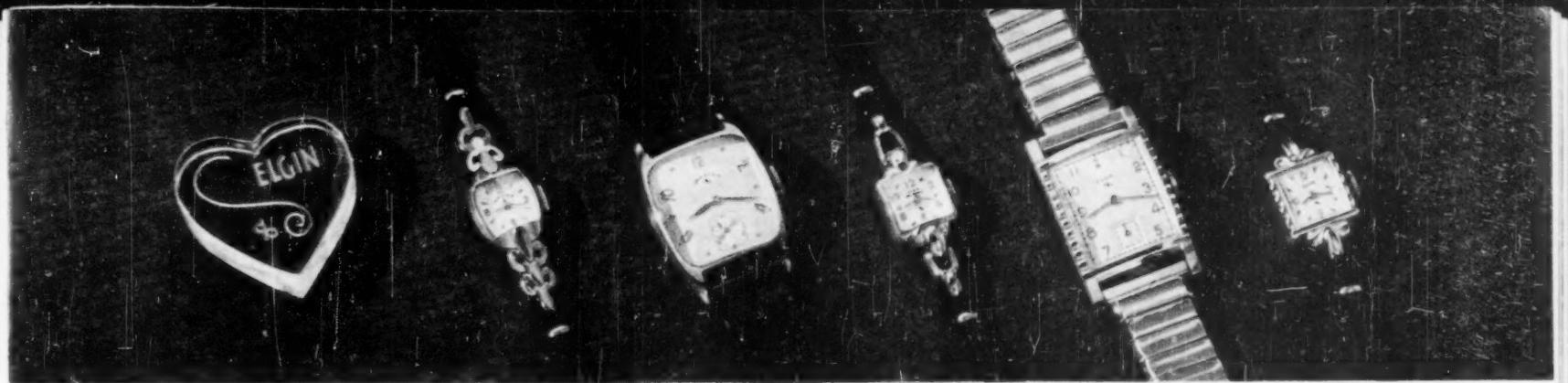
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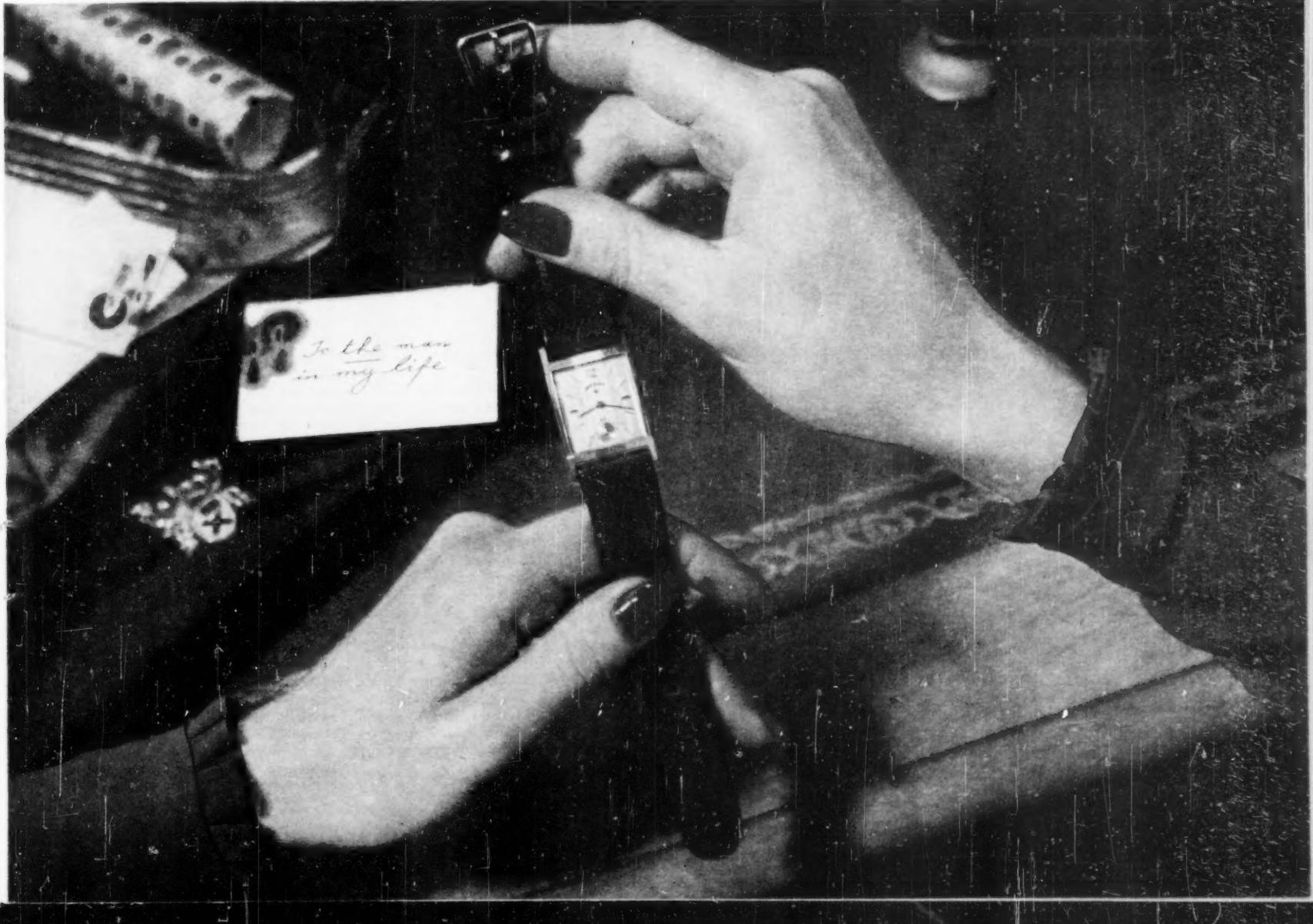
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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter

## The Great Days Are Not Ended



King Farouk and Queen Nariman attend a party at Cannes. Egypt, like some other small powers, has turned against Britain.

When I was in Rome in Jan. 1939, at the time of Chamberlain's visit, there was a huge map displayed outside Mussolini's Palazzo Venezia with the ancient Roman Empire colored in red. It covered almost the whole known world and it is only fair to say that those portions of the earth that did not have the blessings of Roman occupation never caught up with those that did. But Rome became decadent. The conquering and civilizing urge gave way to debauchery for the rich and bread and circuses for the poor. I have heard it argued that it was Socialism that brought Rome down, but we have troubles enough without going into that just now. At any rate Rome declined and fell, and fat little Mussolini could not put the pieces together again.

Then there was Spain which straddled the world but grew soft with wealth and went down before the onslaught of the sixteenth-century dynamism of England.

After the 1914 war we saw the end of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and also the Turkish Empire.

Let us then be blunt. The truth is that many people today, not only those who wish it to be true but those who hope they are wrong, are asking if the days of the British Empire are numbered. Carrying the idea a step forward they ask if it is not a fact that the United Nations Organization now provides a unity and security which does away with the necessity or meaning of empires.

Before we deal with that let me declare with all emphasis possible that the UN has bestowed on Britain far more blows than blessings. Like its parent, the old League of Nations which played into Hitler's hands by opposing his armaments with nothing more than good intentions, so the United Nations have weakened Britain with one move after another at a time when Britain needed strengthening. When the Hitler war ended it was the UN that insisted on Britain maintaining the Palestine mandate with the result that we incurred the hatred of the Jews and chilled the friendship of the Arabs. Then there was the American conscience which suddenly became deeply troubled about India not being given its freedom.

Nor are we spared the affliction of good intentions at home. When Sir Stafford Cripps said some years ago that he looked forward to the liquidation of the British Empire he spoke the hidden thoughts of many nice people. To the idealist there is something morally repugnant in a great power extending its authority over palm and pine and singing, "God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet."

To be quite frank, the British in their days of world power never believed that the meek would inherit the earth. Perhaps that is why so many people at this time are feeling that the recurring blows to British prestige are in the nature of moral retribution. There is, of course, no law that empires, however strong, should last forever.

When I lectured across the United States in 1947 I was asked over and over again why we did not set India free and I was too polite to say anything about the colored people in the South. American idealism is genuine and warm but how often we wish it were better informed. The freedom of India could not be safely granted overnight and Britain wanted to reach it by first granting Dominion status. But the UN, stirred by American sentimentalism, was not to be denied. *Continued on page 55*

## BACKSTAGE IN BRITAIN

### The Last Days on the Hustings

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

LONDON QUITE apart from the issues involved the British election was a fascinating display of electioneering tactics. At least one young Canadian politician, W. H. Kidd, national secretary of the Progressive Conservative Party, chose to spend his vacation here observing the campaign. It was a good idea — a whole post-graduate course in practical politics was packed into the last two weeks.

There were four leaders, not two — Eden as well as Churchill on the Tory side, Nye Bevan as well as Attlee on the Labour side. The Tories' two were close affectionate colleagues while Labour's two were rivals whose reconciliation may prove brief and shallow, but in both parties dual leadership was a real factor and both pairs presented a study in contrasting styles.

Churchill, of course, topped them all as a showman and crowd-getter. Regardless of politics this magnificent old man is still the nation's darling. He stops traffic for hours wherever he goes; mothers hold their children above their heads for a glimpse of him as he passes by, and those children will tell their grandchildren they once saw Winston Churchill in the flesh. The Tories are fully aware that these throngs are politically meaningless because they are equally numerous and almost equally enthusiastic in solidly Labour areas; nevertheless this atmosphere of enthusiasm gives Tory workers a tremendous lift.

I heard Churchill in Plymouth two days before the election — his last major speech of the campaign made on behalf of his son Randolph. The sole meeting scheduled was an afternoon open-air show attended mainly by the party faithful from income brackets able to take the day off after lunch.

Churchill arrived after an arduous train journey and the observers' first impression was one of shock. This was obviously a very old man, almost tremulous as he clambered up rickety steps to the platform. This impression was only partly dispelled as Churchill made his way through a prepared text, speaking with some of the old fire but not enough. It was like watching an old athlete — you could tell he must have been wonderful in his day and if you were old enough you could remember that day, but you were conscious of age.

Randolph Churchill was spectacularly unhelpful when he intervened in a stage whisper clearly audible over the loud-speakers telling his father to put on his hat. It was a chilly day, but not that chilly. Churchill senior rejected the advice with visible irritation, and the effect was damaging. Again we were reminded that this was an old old man.

But the same night in a quite impromptu appearance Churchill spoke to a throng equally large and this time not unanimously converted. Warmed by a good dinner he came out on Lady Astor's balcony overlooking Plymouth Hoe where Drake stayed to finish his game of bowls before setting out to sink the Spanish Armada. As he walked over from his nearby hotel there were roars of cheering, but also perceptible booing from dock workers who thought they were helping Labour. As a matter of fact they saved the show for Churchill — they brought him out fighting in the old style.

"I am glad to hear some booing here tonight," he said, beaming down from the floodlit balustrade. In that white glare the bulldog chin was thrown into bold relief, the dewlaps of old age invisible. He had no notes, therefore needed no spectacles. It was again the *Continued on page 58*



The four stars of the British election gave a postgraduate course in tactics.

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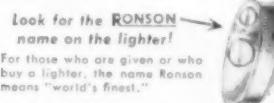


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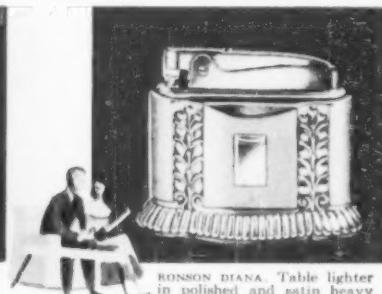


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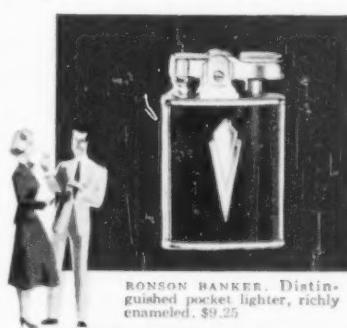
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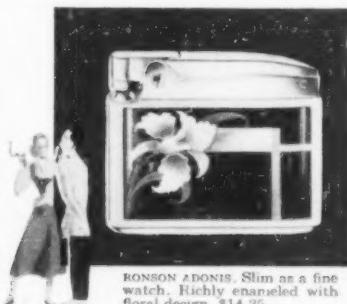
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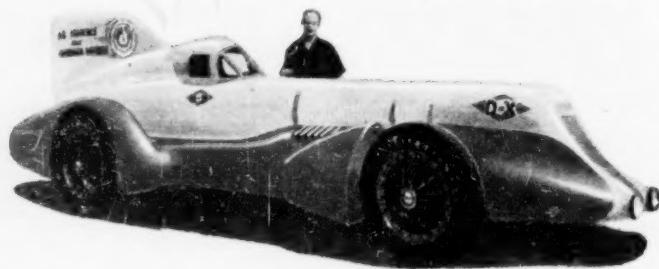
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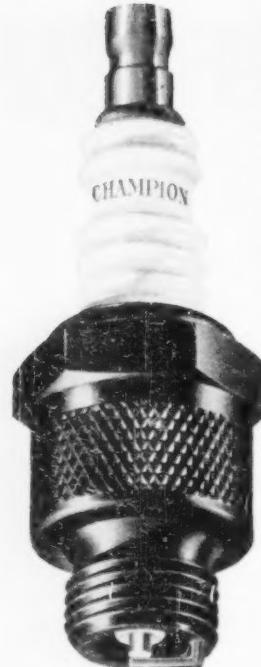
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As the holder of more World and American speed records than any other man, I believe I can speak with authority on spark plugs. In over 30 years of racing against the clock you acquire a lot of practical knowledge about the equipment that will give you top performance and dependability. At 200 miles per hour my spark plugs take more of a beating in an hour than the spark plugs in your car do in over a year's normal driving. From my own experience Champion Spark Plugs have no equal and I've tested them all. I hold hundreds of American and World speed records and just recently added 24 new ones, all made with Champions. I unqualifiedly recommend Champion Spark Plugs.

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## MAILBAG



Would Jasper Amuse His Majesty?

May I take this opportunity to compliment you upon the uniformly excellent issue of Maclean's for October 1. The articles and the illustrations were highly interesting, attractive and instructive. You also merit praise for publishing those lovely color photographs and portraits of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. Beverley Baxter's London Letter was superb, and so was your editorial, Behind the Bunting. Let me add that McKenzie Porter, in his comprehensive article on When a Queen Ruled Britain, did a grand and classic job.—A. Jacob Livingston, Montreal.

• I think it is an excellent issue, all the way from the cover to Jasper. Do you send complimentary copies to the Princess or to King George? I think the King, in particular, would be much amused with Jasper.—Mrs. John A. Kane, Warwick East, Bermuda.

• My thirteen-year-old girl has been collecting royal pictures for some time. She has 325 of the Princess . . . She says your cover artist for Oct. 1 made one mistake—he forgot the Princess' pearl necklace. Out of the 325 pictures, she has only ten that have no necklace and only six show her wearing something other than pearls.—Mrs. J. Kisell, Consul, Sask.

• I want to congratulate you . . . The pictures of the Princess and her husband I will have to keep.—Mrs. H. R. Kruger, Kansas City, Mo.

• Would like to add my word of appreciation. Re McKenzie Porter's article on Queen Victoria . . . One has only to consult a history book to find that she was born on May 24 not 26, and that the jubilee years were 1887 and 1897, not a year earlier as stated.—Mrs. S. R. Watkins, Mawer, Sask.

• I have just finished reading When a Queen Ruled Britain . . . It is many a moon since I enjoyed reading anything in Maclean's so much. It is a scholarly, well-written and intensely interesting bit of history, and few things would please me more than for Maclean's to carry a larger percentage of stories of this calibre.—Walter F. Harris, Red Deer, Alta.

### A Pitch for Prince Albert

Your article, The Hottest Square Mile in the World (Oct. 15), is, in our opinion, without doubt the most comprehensive and informative account of the tremendous development taking place in the Beaverlodge - Ace Lake area of this province . . . The magnitude and quality of the "find" is put squarely before the public.

It is a recognized fact that the location of Edmonton places that Alberta city in a preferred position as far as the major part of this development is concerned at present. It is also a recognized fact, however, that this city of Prince Albert is playing an important role in this same development.

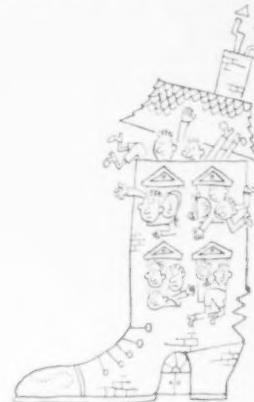
Six air routes originating in Prince Albert cover northern Saskatchewan,

one of these routes reaching from Prince Albert to Lac La Ronge, Foster Lakes, Cree Lake, Stony Rapids, Fond-du-Lac, Goldfields, Camsell Portage and Fort Chipewyan. "The Hottest Square Mile" lies approximately five hundred air miles from Prince Albert, or three hundred and seventy air miles from Lac La Ronge air base. Lac La Ronge is served by both air and road (No. 2 Highway) from Prince Albert. A good portion of the air traffic to the Black Lake area originates in this city, while a share of the personnel and light freight traffic to Beaverlodge undeniably originates in this city. The facilities and services of this city are very definitely involved in the development.—F. C. Bray, Commissioner, Prince Albert Board of Trade, Prince Albert, Sask.

### Ten Kids in Six Rooms

While we thoroughly enjoyed the story, How To Raise Ten Kids in Six Rooms (Oct. 15), I'd like to hear from the Teskeys a few years hence; fancy it will be a different story then.

There were ten of us. We had a large home (five bedrooms), always had a good maid (a general servant, as called then) and frequently a nurse-maid. We all helped—each girl would "adopt" one of the younger ones who made an appearance every two years. But our mother died in her early forties, thirty years too soon, we thought. Many other mothers of large



families, I recall, also died leaving quite a helpless family to be brought up, in many cases, badly.

I raised a family of four. I am now seventy and can look back on a rather full life, which gives me more pleasure than if I had brought ten or twelve children into this sad old world.—Mrs. C. F. Snelgrove, Toronto.

### The Masseys of Newcastle

In your article, There'll Always be a Massey (Oct. 15), there wasn't any mention of the Newcastle Community Hall, which was built by the Masseys, or to the United Church parsonage or the organ in United Church, which I believe was given by Lillian Massey Treble. We citizens like to hear something illustrious said about our little village.—Mrs. W. Holmes, Newcastle, Ont. ★

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St. Johns, Quebec,



### "VINYLITE" TEDDY BEAR

Blows up in a jiffy into a mischievous cuddly toy. Safe for even the smallest infant because "Vinylite" is hygienic, colourfast and free from any sharp points or edges. Scepter's "Vinylite" teddy is a must for the Christmas tree or stocking.

Manufactured by  
**Scepter Manufacturing Co.**  
294 Brunswick Avenue,  
Toronto 4, Ontario.



### "BRONCO" 6-SHOT Toy Cap Revolver

Real looking Wild West "Heman" six-shooter! Genuine six-shot, fast-firing action with safety catch! Cylinder swings out to reload with disc-type "cartridge clip". Man-sized, 8 3/4" long, 13 1/2 ounces. Beautifully "engraved", sparkling Chromate finish, deeply embossed plastic grips. Only \$1.89 (slightly higher in West).

**Macdonald Metals & Plastics Ltd.**  
Waterloo, Quebec.

packed full of wonderful Xmas toys.

Maclean's Canadian



### "PATSY" Palitoy Doll

The Palitoy Miracle Doll. She sleeps! She says Mama! She feeds from her bottle—weps real tears—blows bubbles—wets her nappy. A new super "Patsy"—she's unbreakable, non-inflammable; can't scratch or hurt her small owner; she can be bathed, powdered and is completely hygienic. Complete with cradle box and accessories.

**The British Xylonite Co. Canada Limited**  
60 Front Street West,  
Toronto, Canada.



### SURE-FIRE HIT!

Busy little beavers will love this Minic Presentation Set—2 trailer cabs with a fleet of gasoline, moving van, log and barrel trailers. They're made of dural I-beam, brightly coloured, rubber-tired. Cabs have long-running clockwork motors. Available at all better toy and department stores.

**Lines Bros. (Can.) Ltd.**  
4000 St. Patrick Street,  
Montreal, Quebec.

Please turn over . . . there's two more pages



### TRIKE SENSATION!

If you want to see a supremely happy youngster, put this Thistle Jet Trike under the Christmas tree. It's ultra-modern—the only one of its kind in Canada. Speeds along with a realistic noise. Imitation motor comes equipped with gas tank and twin jet exhausts. Rubber-bulbed peep horn blows an actual warning signal.

**Lines Bros. (Can.) Ltd.**  
4000 St. Patrick Street,  
Montreal, Quebec.



### VINYLITE MAGNETIC FISHING GAME

Complete set contains five inflated plastic fish with metal eyelets . . . fishing pole and line with magnetic hook. Fish will float. Set provides fun in the bath tub or on the floor. Ideal for Christmas gifts or as presents from Santa Claus. Available at department, hardware and chain stores.

Manufactured by  
**Kelton Corporation Limited**  
314 Davenport Road,  
Toronto, Ontario.

(Advertisement)



### "NOMA" The Talking Doll Sensation

She recites a poem, sings a song, says her prayers! This 28-inch Electronic Doll operates at the touch of a child's finger. No wind up. Activated by two flashlight batteries—good for hundreds of performances. Ask for the English or French-speaking NOMA TALKING DOLL wherever good toys are sold.

Noma Electric Company  
of Canada Limited

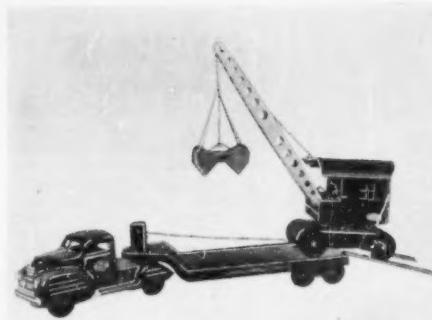
179 John St.,  
Toronto, Canada.



### HOURS OF FUN!

That's what your child will enjoy with this Li'l Abner Table and Chair Set—priced to fit your Christmas budget. The table is really a desk with a blackboard top that opens up. A unique winding roll set in the top reveals a series of Dogpatch characters which can be copied and coloured on blackboard.

Lines Bros. (Can.) Ltd.  
4000 St. Patrick Street,  
Montreal, Quebec.



### LINCOLN STEEL TOYS

The Lincoln Toys illustrated are examples of the realistic designs and sturdy steel construction of the popular priced Lincoln line. All Lincoln Toys are equipped with silent running rubber wheels, and are built to stand hard knocks. The over-all length of the "Carry-All" #933 is 31". The "Clamshell" #931 is in proportion.

Lincoln Specialties Ltd.  
1637 Erie Street East,  
Windsor, Ontario.



### 'BOBO' and 'PEE WEE'

"Vinylite" leaders of the Toy Parade

Bouncing with excitement and all ready to greet you on Christmas morning; these gay red, white and blue inflatables can take plenty of punishment because they are made of rugged, long-wearing colourfast "Vinylite" with Haugh's famous heat-sealed process.

Manufactured by  
Haugh's Products Limited  
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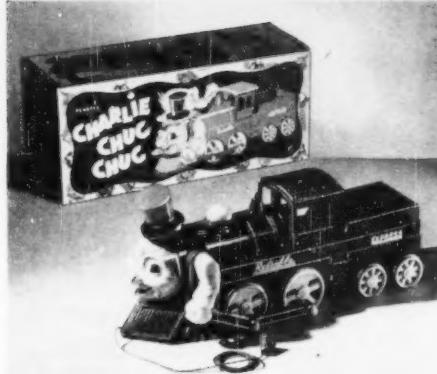
## Maclean's Canadian Carnival of TOYS



### LLOYD DOLL CARRIAGES

Manufactured by the makers of famous Lloyd Baby Carriages. Styled to thrill any girl who owns a doll! They're smart and practical—just like the "real mother's kind". Sparkling metallic or baked enamel finish—beautiful colours—plenty of shiny chrome—and built to last. Sizes to suit every age group. Priced from \$3.50 to \$31.50.

The Heywood-Wakefield  
Co. of Canada Ltd.  
Orillia, Ontario



### CHARLIE CHUG CHUG Pull Toy Locomotive

JUST THE THING FOR SMALL TYPES! Charlie Chug Chug is the funniest locomotive ever. When pulled along Charlie's "top hat" smoke stack bobs up and down, a bell rings, his arms move with his pistons, and his tongue pops in and out. In gay, bright colors it will be a favorite.

Reliable Plastics Co.  
Limited.  
Toronto, Canada

### MONOPOLY

The whole world struggles to gain land and property, and the whole world enjoys the same struggle in the famous trading game—MONOPOLY. This most popular of all the great board games is available everywhere. Two-piece edition, for eight players, \$3.00; boxed de Luxe edition, with convenient removable Bank Tray, \$4.00.

The  
Copp Clark Co. Limited  
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### Viceroy "SUNBABE" TREASURE CHEST

Every little mother will be delighted with this sturdy TRAVELLING CASE—just like Mummy's—containing "SUNBABE", the unbreakable, moulded ALL RUBBER DOLL, over 11" high, which drinks, wets, talks. Also red trimmed organdie dress, panties, bonnet, shoes, bib, diaper, hot water bottle, soap dish, rattle, teether, nursing bottle. Moderately priced.

Viceroy Mfg. Co. Ltd.  
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### SUSIE STEPPS All Plastic Walking Doll

Just think . . . as you lead her by the hand she takes dainty steps and her head turns from side to side. You can WASH, CURL and COMB her radiant SARAN Hair. ALL PLASTIC and with no mechanical movement, Susie Stepps is 20 inches of lively loveliness dressed in her delicate rayon taffeta frock.

**Reliable Toy Co.  
Limited,  
Toronto, Canada**



### AUTO CONVOY TRAILER A Holgate Toy

A wooden come-a-part toy. Consists of Truck and Trailer, Station Wagon and Racing Car. One of a wide assortment of Holgate and Tee-A-Tot Toys for children of all ages. All are attractively designed, safe and sturdy toys — that train as well as entertain. Made in Canada by Hill-Clark - Francis Limited, New Liskeard, Ontario. Sold at better Toy Shops everywhere. Distributed by

**Frank E. Lucas Co. Ltd.,  
66 Wellington Street West,  
Toronto, Ontario**

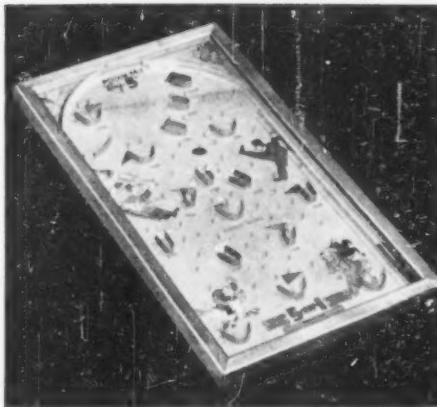


### BIG 5 POOSH-M-UP BAGATELLE GAME

Big handsome glass-covered pin-ball game for teen-agers, children, adults! Fully automatic with metal balls, wire legs and sturdy wood frame. Plays five different games; full instructions in English and French. 24 inches long by 14 inches wide. Price \$4.00 (slightly higher in Western Canada). A genuine Northwestern Game.

Made in Canada by

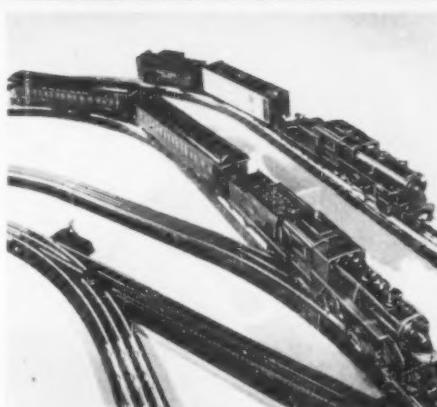
**Somerville Limited  
London, Ontario.**



### THE SENSATIONAL TRIX TWIN RAILWAY

Separate control of two trains on one track makes it the sensation of model railways. Small gauge allows interesting track arrangements on table tops, quickly assembled or taken down. A variety of cars and switches for future expansion. Start a Trix railway for your boy. See them locally or write.

**Menzies & Co. Ltd.  
27 Wellington St. West  
Toronto**



## Buy these Christmas Toys & Playthings

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL STORE . . . or write to company for name of nearest dealer

### Noma Christmas DECORATIVE LIGHTING

NOMA LIGHTS lead the field in spreading the light of Christmas throughout Canada. For indoors and outdoors, NOMA provides a variety of Sets, Wreaths, Candles, Tree Tops and many other Illuminated Specialties for Christmas and other festive occasions. Outdoor lighting is unrestricted in 1951. Buy the Best! Insist on NOMA.

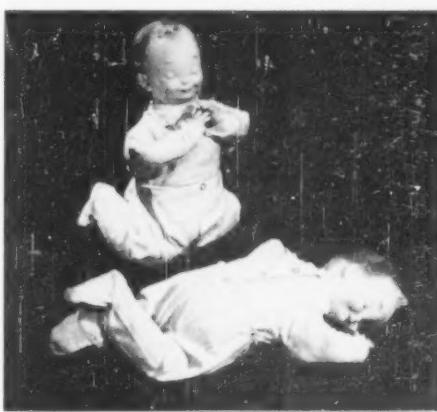
**Noma Electric Company  
of Canada Limited  
179 John St.,  
Toronto, Ontario.**



### DREAM BABY A Dee an Cee Doll

The perfect play and take-to-bed doll; soft, cuddly and unbreakable. Nineteen inches high. Has skin-like head of Vinyl Plastic. Body and legs are soft, and arms of Flexible Rubber. Washable face and hands. Removable sleepers with fasteners just like baby's. Can be knelt in praying position and sleeps in many natural positions. Cries when picked up.

**Dee & Cee Toy Co. Ltd.  
301 King St. East,  
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### "WONDERLAND" Toys and Games

Here's a tea-party set for 4 with large Whistling Kettle; 26 pieces all made of safe, unbreakable, rustproof aluminum. See the "Wonderland" tea and coffee sets in the stores now . . . kitchen sets, pastry sets, individual kitchenware items . . . all actually usable toys. Look for "Wonderland" metal games and novel toys.

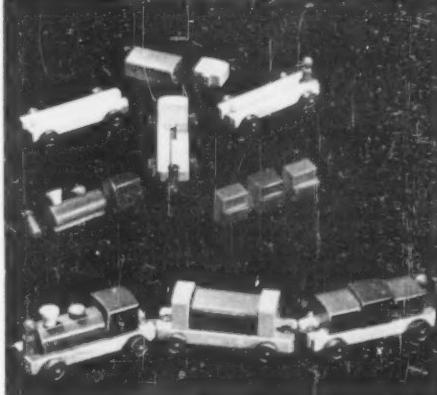
Canadian-made by  
**Metaluminum Specialties  
Limited  
St. Thomas, Ont.**



### BUILD-A-TRAIN

Fifteen colorful non-poisonous and smoothly finished hardwood sections form a three-piece nineteen-inch train. It can be taken apart and put together time after time. Hours of fun and training for the pre-school child. The perfect educational toy. Price \$2.00 (Winnipeg west \$2.50). If not available at a local toy store, write factory direct.

**Allen Wood Products  
Limited  
Fenelon Falls, Ontario**



"PICK A COLOR FROM  
THE RAINBOW!"

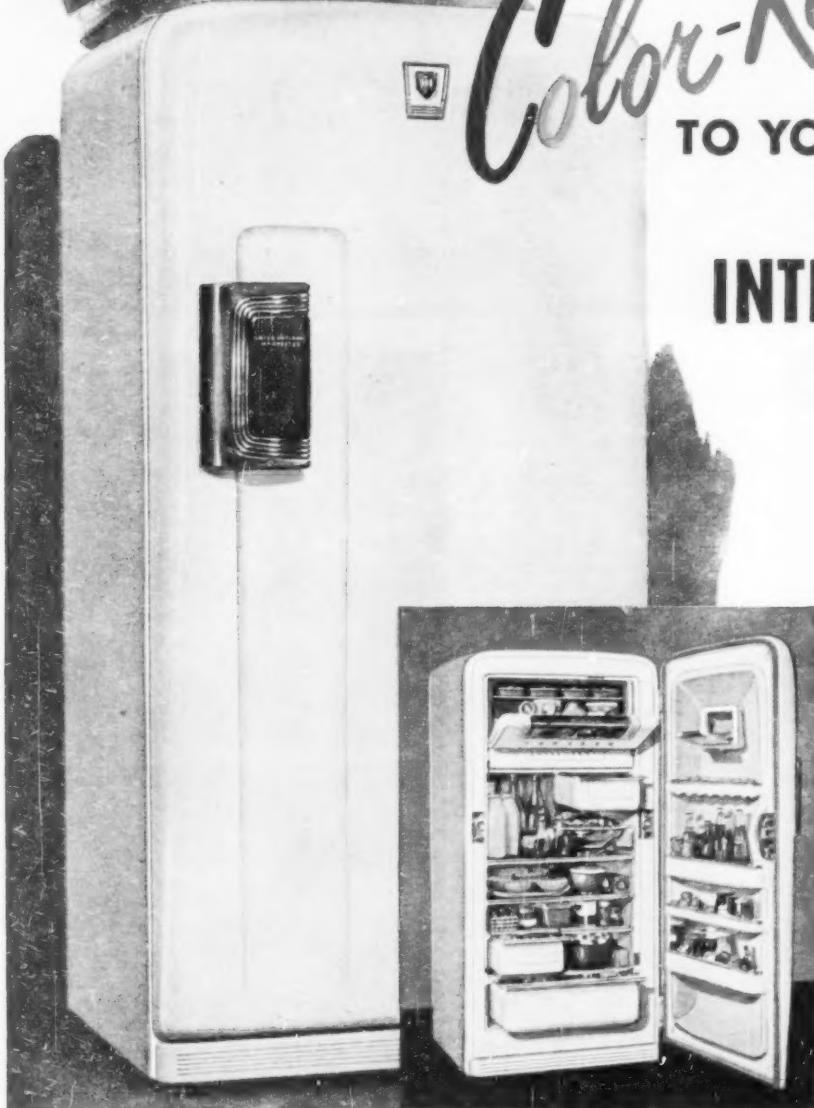


A Gift TO DELIGHT  
FOR YEARS TO COME

Color-Keyed  
TO YOUR KITCHEN!

Ask him for an

## INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER REFRIGERATOR



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—and YEARS AHEAD! Scores of chore-saving, women-approved features: Spacious shelves of stainless steel! Pantry-Dor, Butter Keeper, magnetic Bottle Opener! Full-width Freezers, Coldstream Crispers, countless more! Choice of seven models, seven sizes, seven prices.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED  
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*Over a century of manufacturing skill has gone into the making of these famous refrigerators: Available for 60 cycle areas only.*

International Harvester Also Builds Home Freezers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . Motor Trucks . . . Industrial Power

# CAN CHURCHILL WIN HIS LAST PRIZE?

Winston Churchill asked for a chance to steer Britain away from a third world war and back toward prosperity. At home he's walked into a growing trade and cost-of-living crisis and new storms beset him from abroad. His troubles are magnified by an election campaign in which neither he nor his opponents told the people the whole harsh truth



By BLAIR FRASER  
MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

LONDON

**A**LL THROUGH the election campaign, while the political leaders thundered up and down Britain, placid civil servants in the Treasury were at work producing two massive documents for the new chancellor of the exchequer, whatever his political color. One was a statement of the British balance-of-payments position—the trading account with the dollar countries. The other was a summary of the home economy—the cloth to which the threadbare British coat must be cut. Either document, let alone both, was enough to send the right honorable gentleman into a dead faint.

Britain is going broke at a horrifying rate. The trading deficit is six hundred million dollars for the third quarter of 1951. Even allowing for some temporary factors Britain is losing at least a billion dollars a year and the rate is bound to accelerate as reserves diminish and confidence in sterling weakens. Moreover, this is not caused by rearmament, the impact of which has not yet been felt; it is merely the effect of the newly adverse terms of trade.

This is bad news for the Conservative Government because there is no evidence that the Britons elected Churchill to lead them through a peace-time ordeal of toil and sweat. The indications are rather that Churchill didn't win the election—Attlee lost. When the election was announced Labourites privately admitted they expected to lose fifty seats. The people were fed up with controls and restrictions and the rising cost of living, and also dismayed at the loss of British prestige in international affairs. But the campaign itself favored Labour all through. The public-opinion polls showed Labour strength rising steadily

from an eleven percent disadvantage to an actual edge over the Conservatives in the popular vote. This was borne out in the vote.

Attlee called the election in the autumn rather than in the spring because things will inevitably be worse this winter. Unpopular things must be done, unpleasant things endured. Churchill was elected to make life easier, not harder, which, for the immediate future, is an impossible goal.

This does not mean Britain is on the rocks, or even near the rocks. The troubles are petty compared with the war or even with the immediate post-war period. Basically, this country is in pretty good shape.

The conventional picture of austere Britain is no longer true. Some foods are still a bit scarce but the national diet is first-class and better distributed than ever before. The only queues now visible are outside cinemas. The Labour Government is justified in pointing with pride at the British children who are the healthiest-looking anyone could wish to see.

But, although the nation is not threatened, this high living standard is very much threatened indeed. Britain is in the throes of her third and worst post-war dollar crisis. This time no outside aid is in sight. The relatively simple measures which solved the 1947 and 1949 crises are ruled out by various economic circumstances. The remaining alternatives are simple and grim: cut imports; raise exports; reduce living standards.

Of these harsh truths the British electors heard not one syllable from either party during the campaign.

Describing a Canadian election of half a century ago John W. Dafoe once wrote: "In theory our

political system called for a complete acceptance of the issues by both parties and a frank submission to the electors, but our political practice called for confusing the issues and hoodwinking the electors. No political party has enough moral courage to face the consequences of frankly avowing its policies before audiences or in localities where they are unpopular."

The British election was a textbook demonstration of this somewhat cynical proposition. The Churchill Government was chosen by an electorate which hasn't yet learned the facts.

The real issue between Labour and the Conservatives can be stated in one sentence apiece. For Labour: "Britain is heading into a bad time. We undertake to shield the workingman all we can even though worsening and prolonging the effect to the economy as a whole." For the Conservatives: "We undertake to guide the national economy to sounder ground as quickly as possible, even though this means some temporary hardship to the workingman."

Needless to say, neither side made any such candid declaration. On the contrary, each side denied all intention of curing the nation's economic disease and maintained instead that no disease existed. Labour's diagnosticians proudly announced Britain to be "healthy as a trout"; the Conservatives found he was "acutely bilious" but assured the worried patient he needed nothing but a slight change of diet.

To establish these false premises the party leaders did not need to tell any lies. They could stick to the literal truth and with the right smile or tone of voice give the opposite impression.

Anthony Eden, beaming down on a respectful



throng in Birmingham, said, "We make no promises. The mess we are in is too serious—there is no specific for an immediate cure." But he didn't explain what the mess was, or how inevitable. The audience could be forgiven for thinking this brilliant man with his handsome face (no longer overhandsome since his black hair has turned silver-grey) and his charming manners would surely be able to set things right with a minimum of fuss and no pain to anyone.

On the Labour side Clement Attlee's favorite opening to a campaign meeting was, "I must say I think you are all looking extremely well," or, "I think you compare favorably with the 1945 crowd." Labour never stopped pointing to the fact (which was undeniable) that the British living standard was now the highest ever. The Tories, they said, would cut the standard by reducing food subsidies, restricting the health service, removing rent control and permitting unemployment.

The Conservatives hotly denied these charges and thus started a vicious circle of pledge and counter-pledge that will prove a grave embarrassment to Winston Churchill's Government with its meagre majority. The party is now pledged by various campaign orators to precisely the opposite course they know should, and probably will, be adopted.

Conservative campaigners soon found that Labour's most vulnerable points were the high cost of living and high taxation. Responsible leaders like Eden and Churchill refrained from any specific pledges on remedies but even they talked of a reduction in government expenditures, an increase in productivity by the encouragement of free enterprise, and so on—all implying these measures would bring taxes and living costs down.

The likelihood is, of course, that prices will go up, not down. The British trading position makes a reduced living standard inevitable. It is doubtful if even the socialists with a vast extension of controls could have prevented the living standard being affected by a general price rise. Certainly any step to free the economy, as the Conservatives are pledged to do, would allow the great accumulated inflationary pressure to force up price levels across the board. Economically this would probably be a healthy thing. But the Conservatives have promised the opposite and the powerful Labour Opposition, representing forty-nine percent of the British electorate, won't let them forget it.

The biggest single cause of the British inflation has been the artificially low cost of necessities like housing and food. Food, for instance, is subsidized by more than four hundred million pounds. This applies not only to the workingman's groceries, but equally to meals in luxurious West End restaurants. A visitor can buy an excellent meal with faultless service for less than a dollar and a half, a meal which in Canada would cost twice that. These are the expensive places; any number of pubs serve an admirable lunch for four-and-sixpence (sixty-seven cents).

Similarly, rental and building restrictions keep housing costs to a mere fraction of their true value. A friend of mine owns a house he bought during the war and which he rented at twenty dollars a month. His tenants cannot be evicted and therefore the value of the house today is no greater than the forty-five hundred dollars he paid for it. But if his tenants should move he could sell the same house for ten thousand.

Because new building is tightly controlled the same applies to new houses. Once a permit is obtained a good house can still be built for ten thousand dollars. The next day the owner could resell it for twenty thousand.

In this weird situation it is not surprising that home construction is lagging behind pre-war levels. It is equally unsurprising that the ordinary Briton has enough purchasing power left after buying necessities to create an explosive inflationary pressure in the home market.

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Closely supervised, the scrutineers count the ballots while the candidates and the public breathlessly await the final result.

It is true that these dollar translations are misleading, because British incomes are much lower and taxation much higher than their Canadian equivalents. Income tax for a married man with two children starts with earners of one hundred dollars a month, and family allowances are included in the taxable income. The purchase tax is two thirds of the wholesale price on many necessities.

I compared my personal income with that of an old friend who has a highly important job. I found his gross income to be fifty percent above mine but his net after taxes lower than mine by one thousand dollars.

The British cost of living has risen sharply in the past six years. A popular Conservative campaign document used by Eden on television was a chart showing the increase since Labour took office. The actual rise was thirty-seven percent, but the Conservative chart was narrow enough to make this look like the trajectory of a skyrocket. Small wonder that Conservative speakers appealed to indignant housewives to let them try to cut living costs and taxes.

The day after the election a woman in a shop was overheard to say, "I won't buy now. I'd rather wait until the Conservatives bring the price down."

Even after eighteen months of singularly unspectacular Labour government more Britons voted Labour than voted Conservative. A distrust of Conservative rule was inherited from the Thirties and it still persists. A liberal journalist remarked the day after the election, "The Tories are a government of ticket-of-leave men, or men on parole. Their every move is being watched." Pursuing the metaphor, you could say the men on parole find themselves locked out of their dwelling without a key. They have to climb in a second-story window while convincing a policeman who knows their record that they are not trying to burglarize the house.

For instance, one way to mitigate a reduction in the living standard is to produce more goods by more work for the same money. The trouble is the workingman expects the new government to demand precisely that and many citizens of Conservative leanings prophesy it with visible malice.

About four o'clock in the morning after the election a taxi drew up by the edge of a fair-sized crowd still watching the returns flashed on a screen in Piccadilly Circus. A well-dressed celebrant got out, looked at the screen which already showed eleven Conservative gains from Labour. He grinned tipsy at the crowd and said to nobody in particular, "Well, you bastards, now you'll have to work for a change."

A woman stepped out of the crowd and gave him a push that nearly knocked him over. Two men moved in, fists clenched. Only the intervention of a bobby saved him from being mobbed.

Hugh Gaitskell, who was the Labour chancellor of the exchequer, said in a stump speech during election week: "If the Tories get in I am very much afraid there may be in this most vital industry (coal mining) at best, apathy and indifference, at worst, anger and indifference among the workers." It was no idle threat.

The fact is that the Labour Government itself maintained government-union co-operation with increasing difficulty in its final months of office. Miners, dockers, railwaymen — three powerful unions holding the British economy by the throat — were more and more restive under their leaders' plea to keep working and refrain from asking for higher wages and easier working conditions. The result was that the official union leaders loyal to the Labour Government were estranged from the rank-and-file members of their unions. This worried them gravely but they endured it while their own people were in power. Now there is no reason to endure it any longer.

Nobody expects a sudden resentful outbreak of strikes. What is expected rather is a succession of firm demands for higher wages, backed for the first time in years by labor's official leadership. The result will be either a sudden increase in production costs or a series of strikes or both.

On election day

Continued on page 60



Wearing miners' hats, Welsh Labour supporters spoke in London. Dick Beamish (standing) ended his address with Marx's: "You have nothing to lose but your chains."



W. Broom, father of six, says he voted Tory because on four pounds a week he used to live better than on eight now.



Heckler at a Labour meeting says he was always employed even during depression, accuses Labour of killing all incentive.



Mrs. A. Wheatley, a widow, lives on a small income. She voted Tory because: "They'll do more for the working folk."



Reg Smith heckles the Tory candidate who ran against Herbert Morrison. He shouted praise of Labour's full-employment policy.



Bob Simpson, of Ottawa, intercepts a Hamilton pass and runs it back. His tremendous speed and rubber physique place him among Reeve's Durable Dozen.



## TED REEVE PICKS

# MACLEAN'S 6<sup>TH</sup> ALL-CANADIAN F

CANADIAN football customers and executives (or executors) spent more money and expended more enthusiasm on the autumn pastime in 1951 than ever before. And they had to watch more games than ever, with their teams at half strength.

The American imports were the highest priced to date, so were the tickets. Many of these specialists were certainly among the best to come this way from the U.S. and most of these experts had to play a large part of the season on one leg. Or wearing more tape than King Tut.

The worst feature in the Dominion pigskin setup still was the overlapping schedule in which Argos, Riders and Tigers might play six or seven games against each other, or Regina and Winnipeg might meet nine times. What is this, a football season or a Paul Jones?

An oddity of the season was the number of one-sided games played by teams who are obviously well-matched. With the Eskimos, Bombers and Riders finishing in a tie for first in wins and losses

in one group and Argos, Tigers and Ottawa deadlocked at the end of ten matches in the Interprovincial, a nice spread of strength is indicated. Yet injuries to key players—heck, injuries, illness, infection, defections, army selection, and injunctions all played a part in the picture—from week to week often brought on reversals of form that would, if one did not know the background, bring us all a twelve-pound look from the Kefauver Commish.

Basketball on Cleats became more prevalent, even causing Tommy Melville, veteran Regina observer, to dub the Winnipeg team the Harlem Globe Trotters.

The West with its rugged fourteen games in eight weeks and long rail jumps; the presence of at least one expert chucker on each club, and the quick drop in class to the substitutes after the top men had been crocked, supplied as you can see many reasons for adopting the heave-and-hurry, the pitch-and-prance technique. It saved wear and tear on one's available ball carriers; it

hit the opposition where it was most likely to be weakest—in backfield defenders, in reserves who were capable of covering a long throw. Also a good deal of the fresh money expended on imports was itemized for pitchers like Jacobs, Dobbs, Spath and Filchock in the West and Ratterman, O'Malley and Wirkowski in the East.

The batteries became so important that at least three teams in the West and Ottawa and Montreal in the East simply went into alignments from which they could obviously only kick or pass. They let everyone in the park know it was a good five-to-one that the pitch was coming, but by having their quarterback back (often twenty yards deep), still went ahead and tossed the ball anywhere from five to fifty yards or more. An amazing number of these well-telegraphed passes were completed too.

There was a peculiar similarity among the teams, east and west, so that they could almost be paired off on their season's work. For instance, Calgary and Alouettes, who were

*Continued on page 59*

## ALL-STARS OF 1951

### QUARTERBACK—

★ Glenn Dobbs, Regina

### HALFBACKS—

★ Billy Bass, Argos  
★ Hal Waggoner, Hamilton  
★ Tom Casey, Winnipeg

### FLYING WING—

★ Bob Simpson, Ottawa

### SNAP—

★ Buckets Hirsch, Argos

### INSIDES—

★ Eddie Bevan, Hamilton  
★ Bill Stanton, Ottawa

### MIDDLE—

★ Martin Ruby, Regina  
★ Buddy Tinsley, Winnipeg

### OUTSIDES—

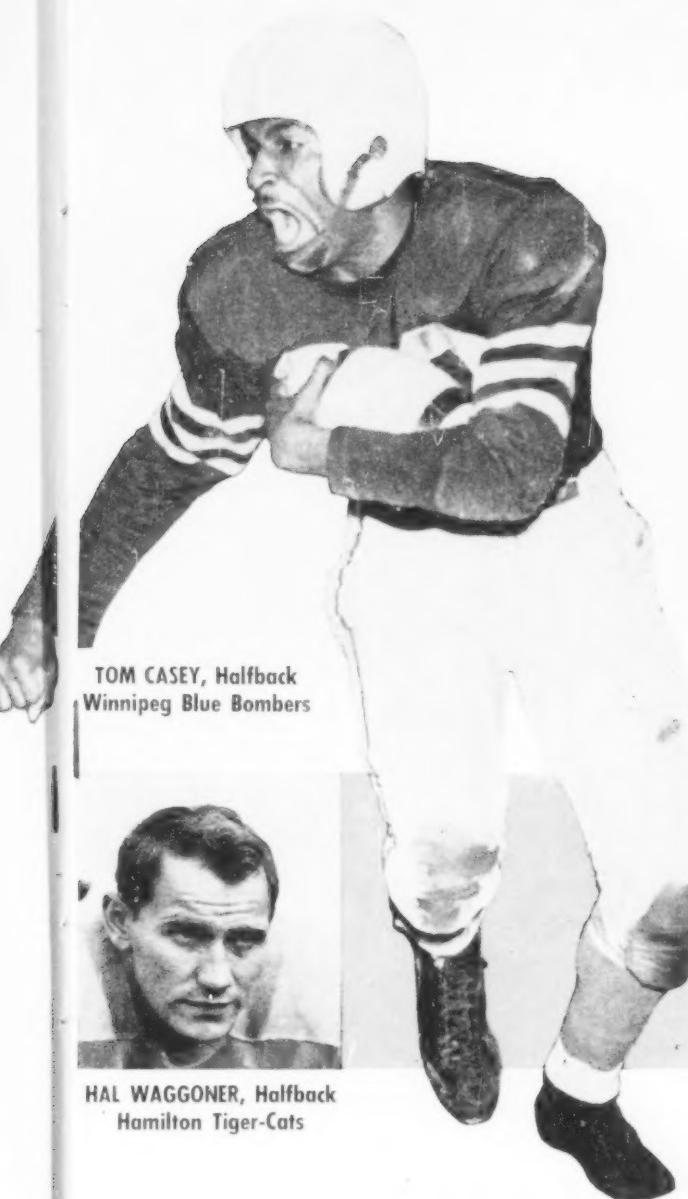
★ Vince Mazza, Hamilton  
★ Rollin Prather, Edmonton

TOM C.  
Winnipeg

HAL WA.  
Ham

BUCKET:

Toronto



TOM CASEY, Halfback  
Winnipeg Blue Bombers



The Argos' Billy Bass (right) is chosen halfback because of his good tackling, speed and jump.



HAL WAGGONER, Halfback  
Hamilton Tiger-Cats



BUDDY TINSLEY, Middle  
Winnipeg Blue Bombers



GLENN DOBBS, Quarterback  
Saskatchewan Roughriders



MARTIN RUBY, Middle  
Saskatchewan Roughriders



BILL STANTON, Inside  
Ottawa Rough Riders



BOB SIMPSON, Flying Wing  
Ottawa Rough Riders



BUCKETS HIRSCH, Snap  
Toronto Argonauts



ROLLIN PRATHER, Outside  
Edmonton Eskimos



BILLY BASS, Halfback  
Toronto Argonauts



EDDIE BEVAN, Inside  
Hamilton Tiger-Cats



VINCE MAZZA, Outside  
Hamilton Tiger-Cats



"Oh, Lin . . ."  
After a moment she pushed him away and gave him a tissue.



"Wilf! You weren't to come back until you had our bid ready!" — "But it is ready, sir."

The office drudge turned into Superman when his  
brain went on the twenty-four-hour shift.

Millions were in his grasp and  
the dazzling Olive was in his arms because he was



# The Man Who DIDN'T Need Sleep

By JOHN REESE  
ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR



"This is most amazing: you seem to require no sleep at all!"



"You can't marry him. The man's a monster, a freak!"



never get a chance to get out of the estimating department.

"Go on in, Mr. Wilk," came Pam's husky teasing voice. "She won't eat you . . . I theenk."

Lin leaped through the door, and Olive's personality smote him and laid him low.

"Why Lin, you weren't supposed to come back to the office until you had that Shookey job figured," she said.

"I've got it figured," Lin said, stifling a yawn. "Is the boss in yet?"

"No. But Lin, you can't be through, not in such an impossibly short time!" she cried.

Her blue eyes accused him of fraud. Women named Olive should be either tall and tawny or small and scrawny. This one was neither. Olive Consola was a blizzard blonde who would have looked right at home opening the Auto Show, being photographed in a red convertible with leopard-skin upholstery, with the Mayor grinning fatuously beside her and wondering what to do with his top hat. Science may have contributed to the glint in her hair, but nature alone had molded her ripe young figure.

Lin tore his eyes away. "I've got it, all right," he said. "Shall I wait inside for him?"

"If you like." Her eyes followed him perplexedly as he left the room. It was some time before

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**H**E HAD ONCE overheard a stenographer refer to him as "that shy young engineer." Knowing they thought him shy only made him twice as shy and three times as miserable. So Linton Wilk raced through the outer office of the Buckthorne Construction Company as though his brief case held a time bomb set for thirty seconds ago. The caroled greetings of the stenographic pool pursued him like the baying of hounds on the trail of a swamp-bound fugitive:

"Good morning, Mr. Wilk. Good morning, Mr. Wilk. Good morning, Mr. Wilk."

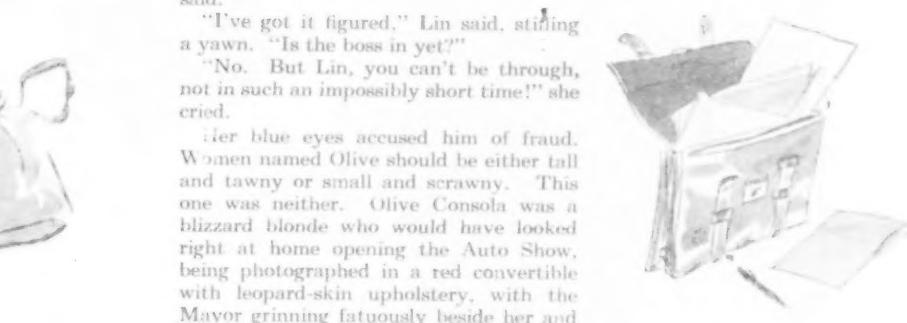
One pr'd story little redhead especially terrified him. Pam Barrett couldn't be a day over twenty. She was fresh out of business school, and fresh was the word. Lin's private opinion was that the Buckthorne personnel manager had learned his trade as a casting director. He suffered horribly every time he had to dictate to one of these gorgeous creatures.

Lin's nerve, if any, was especially weak today. He had been bothered with insomnia for—oh, for quite a while. He understood at last that windy soliloquy of Hamlet's. Any man would start seeing things and talking to himself after a few sleepless nights. Lin averted his eyes, dark circles and all, as he flitted past Pam Barrett's desk.

"G-good morning, girls," he managed to stammer.

He now faced the worst ordeal of all. At the door of Olive Consola's private office he hesitated with his hand on the knob. Olive was not merely Mr. Ramsey C. Buckthorne's secretary, but office manager as well. Lin's groveling adoration of her had been an office joke for a long time.

Lin was thirty-one, and the short cut of his nondescript brown hair, the intense look in his eyes, and the starch in his collar, proclaimed him to be an engineer of the pencil-pushing, or office, variety. High boots, plaid shirt, and a week's beard might have changed this, but it was obvious that anyone as shy as Lin would



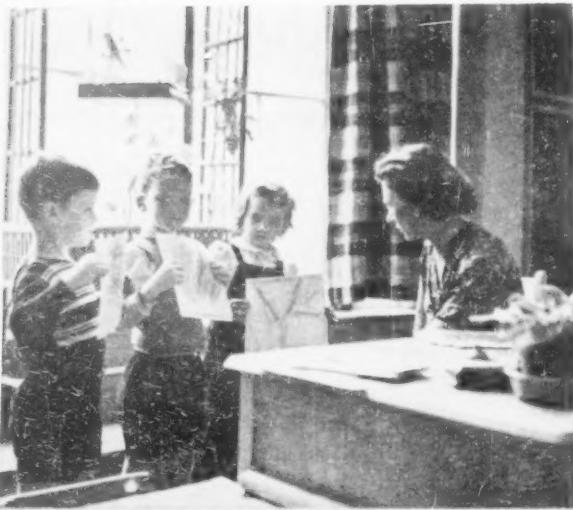
In the hectic race for the airport the "superior being" carried the bags.



In her Forest Hill class Jean looks at Doug Gibson's work. In twenty years she's taught more than two thousand children.

# Teacher, I Love You

Lorne Salutin (left), Bruce Fallis, Diane Dietrich show their art work. They can choose their own subjects.



While most schoolteachers get an occasional apple, Jean Care gets earnest offers of marriage from some of her kindergarten pupils, at Christmas they loose an avalanche of gifts, and they're always trying to take her home to tea. Her secret: "I just like being friends with children"

By SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON



Jean takes her pupils shopping, teaches them how to get the best quality at lowest price.



She helps the children build self-confidence by coaxing them to make their own decisions.



To keep tab on her brood in stores and crowds Jean has them hang on to a long clothesline.



Invited home by Donald Griffin she looks at his and sister Carol's pet rabbit, Thumper.



**E**ACH Christmas, Jean Care, a kindergarten teacher at Forest Hill Village's South School, is embarrassed by the large number of gifts she receives. Like a freshly fallen avalanche, they are piled mountain-high on her desk and the floor space surrounding it. "It's not right," she says. "One person shouldn't get so many presents."

A few of the gifts are valuable but most of them are crude trifles fashioned by the children themselves. There was a small writing pad, bound with green and red wool, labeled, To My Lovely Lady from Richard. Crumpled up inside a brown manila envelope was a slightly worn Mother Goose handkerchief from Johnny. Later he said, "It was one of mine. Did you like it? Did you sleep with it under your pillow?" From a former pupil now in grade four came a pair of slightly used long black evening gloves. Jean Care later discovered that her young admirer, who had grown into the habit of buying a present for Miss Care as well as his current teacher each year and couldn't afford both gifts, had taken the gloves from his mother's bureau drawer. There was a gift from a former pupil, now a young lady of twenty-one about to graduate from university whom Jean had met downtown a few weeks earlier. "Imagine you recognizing me and remembering my name!" she wrote. Jean couldn't understand the girl's enthusiasm. "I just have the knack of remembering people the way others can remember prices or telephone numbers."

The teacher who commands so much love and affection is a trim attractive brown-haired woman of thirty-nine who has taught in Forest Hill Village, a Toronto suburb, for twenty years. She claims to have no formula, no technique for establishing close and enduring relationships with children. "I just like being friends with children," she says. "I guess I've never grown up."

Her boss, principal Fred Sneath, sees her as a remarkably mature person with a rare talent for respecting and understanding toddlers. So much so that there is a constant stream of visitors to her classroom, mostly professional educators whose curiosity has been piqued by her skill. When Pearl Ramsharan of Trinidad came to Canada equipping herself to go home and open up a string of kindergartens, she spent much of her time watching Jean Care. So did Maiku Bando, a Japanese teacher, as well as other visitors from India, China and the United States. When Canadian teachers convene

in Toronto it's almost a tradition now to "go and see Jean Care." One Ontario district inspector has a routine prescription for young teachers who are having difficulties with their pupils: "Spend the next week in Jean Care's classroom." Dorothy Jane Goulding, who conducts one of the CBC's most successful juvenile programs, Kindergarten of the Air, dedicated her last book: "To Jean Care, who taught me what I know." Sixteen-year-old Ruth Botnik, a former pupil who plans to go to university next year to train for work with children, says, "Jean will always be my ideal of a model teacher." Like many another graduate of the South School kindergarten, Ruth's choice of a career has been influenced by Jean's ability and personality.

Although Jean Care is regarded by the profession as "a teacher's teacher," the kids themselves are no less enthusiastic. Recently when the class was taken on a twenty-mile bus trip to visit a farm outside Toronto, Jean had to stand up all the way: the children were so anxious for her company that she couldn't show favoritism by sitting down beside any one of them. During the course of each year, at least a few male toddlers earnestly propose marriage to her. In one family the boy is encouraged to invite his new teacher to dinner each fall. He does—but he also insists that his ex-kindergarten teacher come along as well. He is now in grade six.

#### An Atmosphere of Mutual Respect

Parents of Forest Hill Village, who like to boast they have the finest teachers in the province, usually point to Jean Care as Exhibit No. 1. One family, living in a crowded apartment, refuse to move to their house in another section of town until all their children have had the advantage of Jean's tutelage. Her year-end reports are treasured by parents for years. In a few written pages she sums up the child's attitudes, tendencies, strengths and weaknesses. "I wouldn't have believed that a stranger could know my child so well," one mother told me.

Visitors to Jean Care's classroom are usually impressed by a number of things. The climate of the room is easy and relaxed with an almost total absence of regimentation of any kind. The children go about their tasks with the teacher in the background. She doesn't fawn on her pupils or stifle them with attention.

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At rest time the children lie down and relax. Jean often gets on the floor to direct games.



She works so late at school the principal has ordered the janitor: "Chase her out at five!"



Rescuers located the victims on the third day. Mrs. E. Robertson (hands to earphones) spoke to her trapped husband, chief surgeon at a Toronto hospital.

## The Cave-in That Shook the Country



J. Frank Willis broadcast from the scene for the CBC. The world got the story via a one-wire phone.

When three men were buried alive in 1936 in a mine at Moose River, N.S., they pulled a signal cord and unleashed the first toe-to-toe battle between newspapers and radio. One of the men died but nobody ever counted how many citizens across the continent collapsed from nervous prostration during that tense ten-day headline jag

By TRENT FRAYNE

THE CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Times, getting his first wink of sleep in forty-eight hours under a table in a shack at Moose River, N.S., was routed out by a phone call from his office. It was the first call into the isolated mining area since the rescue of two of three men who had been trapped in a mine a hundred and forty-one feet underground for ten days. The exhausted newspaperman wearily lifted the receiver.

"Listen," came his editor's rasping voice, "are you sure this whole damned thing wasn't a publicity stunt?"

This was the most bizarre of all the reactions to a rescue drama that became known as the Moose River mine disaster, one which completely and

devastatingly picked up North Americans from one coast to the other and held them unshakably in a grip of tense, prolonged, around-the-clock suspense for ten April days in 1936.

It was perhaps the most extravagantly covered news story in Canada's history. Certainly no other story involving so few people ever dominated the newspapers and radio so completely. Its audience reached millions when three radio networks in the United States and the BBC in England hooked into the CBC's single tremulous telephone line linking Moose River with Halifax and the world. People, in Canada at least, stayed up all night to listen to three-minute broadcasts every half hour, day and night.

# A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Across the country every edition of the newspapers came out with a new story. People would buy a paper, bring themselves up to date on rescue operations, throw the paper away and wait restlessly for the next edition. In Toronto business slowed to a standstill and some advertisers decided to lift their ads until the city regained its sanity, on the theory that nobody was reading the advertisements—only the headlines and stories from the mine.

The reaction of most people, when the men came out, was that they had been on the fringe of a miracle. Perhaps, the way the story unfolds, most people had.

It began a little before 7 p.m. on April 12 when Dr. D. Edward Robertson, fifty-two-year-old chief surgeon at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, and Herman Magill, thirty-year-old Toronto lawyer, descended three hundred and seventy feet into the earth to make a routine inspection of a mining property they had recently leased. With them was their forty-two-year-old timekeeper and bookkeeper, Alfred Scadding.

As Magill knocked some specimens from the wall it was Scadding who first noted more than the usual amount of noise in the mine. At first the others gave him no heed and continued their inspection but, when Scadding mentioned the unusual rumblings again, Magill paused to listen. There was the slightest suggestion of alarm in his voice as he said tersely: "Let's get out of here."

They ran to the skip and while Scadding grasped the signal cord to indicate its ascent Magill and Robertson climbed quickly onto it. They got off at the one-hundred-and-forty-one-foot level and sent the skip down for Scadding. They made a cursory examination of the east and west crosscuts and heard ominous rock rumblings and, as Scadding came to their level, Magill instructed him to signal a surface ascent, with all three crowded onto the skip. As Scadding reached with both hands to pull the signal cord he seemed to unloose the whole mass of rock above them. There was a thunderous downdraft of air followed by earsplitting tumblings and crashings of rock. The men leaped from the skip to the crosscut and lay huddled until the awful noises subsided.

Then they took stock. Across the skip in the east crosscut the roof had collapsed to block the shaft. On the western side there was a great impassable rubble of split timbers and broken rocks. The shaft itself was blocked by a smooth wall of rock wedged deep into the walls. Scadding, who had been at the mine three months, led the way toward an opening he'd noticed in the roof in the west crosscut. He thought the closer they could work their way toward the surface the greater their chances of rescue. Carrying a lantern he led them up stopes and across cribs and timbers. They had negotiated perhaps fifty feet when Scadding to his horror saw a huge solid log, at least two feet thick, along the roof of one of the levels, start slowly and with a great crackling to bulge and break in the middle, yielding before the great weight back of it. Shouting a warning, he wheeled and started clambering and sliding down the rocks and cribs, plunging down the steep cavern in the wake of the others. A few hours later they crept back to examine this avenue of ascent and discovered that the stope they had been in was crushed flat.

And so the men settled down near the landing stage on the east crosscut in a tomb roughly forty feet square where the rock overhead seemed solid and afforded, they felt, less likelihood of further cave-ins. Overhead there seemed to be an underground stream which dripped constantly down on them and at one end its intensity had been increased almost to the proportions of a waterfall by the earth shifting. They had a lantern and a miner's lamp, were dressed in heavy work clothes, with long leather boots, heavy

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Giant cracks opened at ground level as the uneasy earth shifted a hundred feet below.



The men in the mine (left to right): Robertson, Scadding and Magill. Magill died.

At the surface after ten days below, a grimy but strong Robertson is helped out.





Montreal's Dr. Hans Selye

# IF YOU LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED

it will probably be due in part to Dr. Hans Selye, of Montreal, whose revolutionary findings have been called the greatest since Pasteur's germ theory of disease. He thinks disease is caused by stress. Your doctor may some day be able to give you a hormone-rich shot that will lick your disease — any disease

By HARRY HENDERSON

**I**T IS NOT inconceivable that some young man or woman now reading this article will live to be a hundred and sixty. It is not inconceivable that scores of young people now reading this article will live beyond a hundred.

If this should come to pass it will probably be due in large part to the work of a forty-four-year-old Montreal doctor whose glandular discoveries have brought medical research to a revolutionary turning point. Sober-thinking scientists compare the discoveries of Dr. Hans Selye, director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, to the pool of Bethesda. According to the Bible the pool of Bethesda at Jerusalem could heal any disease, cure the crippled, the aged and the insane because at certain moments an angel endowed it with the magic elixir of life. Selye's work, though still incomplete and no magic elixir, has nevertheless indicated that he has found a major key to all disease, greatly increasing man's life expectancy.

Dr. Selye is a brown-haired pipe-smoking man who walks with a jaunty heel-and-toe bounce, wears slacks, short-sleeved shirts and no ties, and looks more like a Sunday golfer than a world-famous scientist who is credited with making the greatest advance in medicine since Pasteur announced his germ theory of disease.

Promptly at nine o'clock every weekday morning Selye walks into the autopsy room of the institute on the top floor of the university's buff-colored building. As he slips into a white surgeon's coat he greets his colleagues, students and visitors, often famous scientists from Europe, the United States and South America, for Selye's work has made the institute an international mecca for doctors.

Then Selye steps into the slot of the U-shaped metal table and begins the autopsies of experimental animals which died during the night. As he works he speaks fluent precise French, repeating himself in other languages for the benefit of visitors. (He speaks ten languages.) His audience crowds close around the other rim of the table to follow his examination of the animal's damaged and diseased organs and glands. They listen, almost breathlessly, as Selye demonstrates what has killed the animal. Questions and answers flow back and forth. For everyone these autopsy sessions are the high-point of the day, an advanced outpost on the frontier of man's knowledge of disease.

Selye's amazing discovery is astonishingly simple. He has discovered the body possesses an elaborate defensive system which is located in the endocrine glands. These glands, scattered throughout the body, have the job of protecting and maintaining its constant inner chemical balance, necessary for life. The ductless endocrine glands do this by secreting powerful chemical substances, called hormones, directly into the blood stream, which carries them to the organs or tissues which they chemically excite.

Selye discovered that when the body is attacked by anything, such as germs, or is forced into some rigorous activity, like running, or put under intense emotional strain or into an unusual environment, its glandular system attempts to prolong life by pouring out hormones. These hormones, like bugle-blowing chemical messengers, instantly arouse the glands chemically into full production to counterbalance the demands made by the attacking disease, activity, nervous strain or environment. Because this defensive response comes regardless of the kind of attack, Selye calls the attack simply "stress."

In a brilliant series of experiments Selye has demonstrated that many of our worst diseases—heart or kidney trouble, arthritis—result from an unbalancing of the glands' production of hormones under prolonged stress. Selye has also shown that death usually results from this disarrangement, rather than from specific diseases.

What makes this revolutionary is that doctors used to believe each and every disease was wholly different. Selye has discovered a great common denominator of *all* diseases. The implication of his discovery is that, knowing how the body's defenses work, doctors will be able to aid that system directly through hormone injections which will relieve the deadly disarrangement of the glandular system caused by stress.

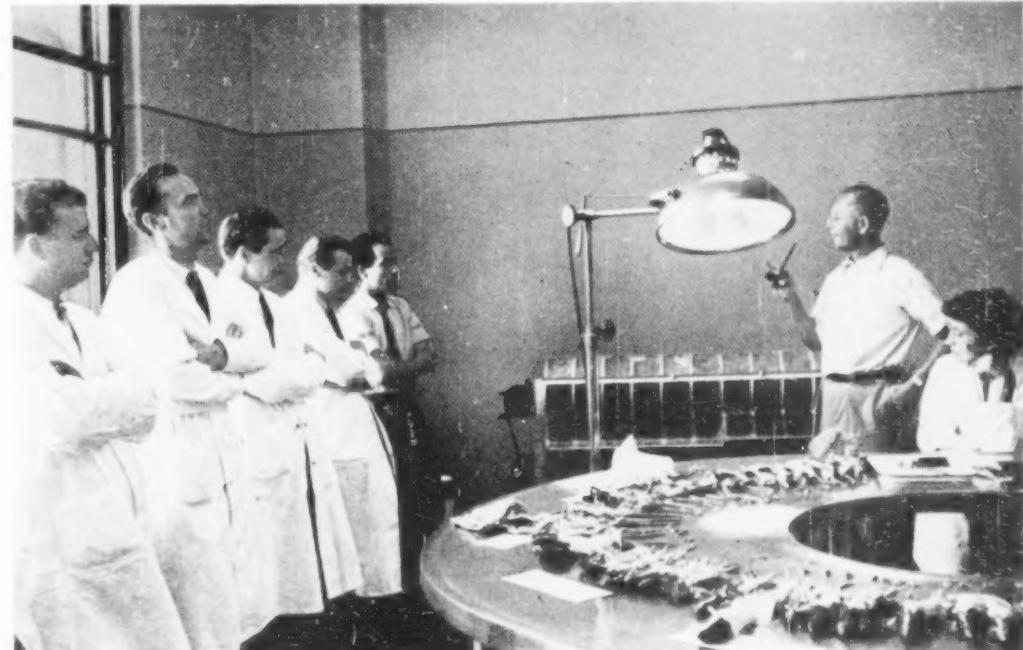
Because of these startling pivotal discoveries by Selye we can now look forward hopefully to the final conquest, in the near future, of diseases which have so long defied medical research—heart disease, arteriosclerosis, nephritis, cancer, arthritis and some types of insanity. These diseases cause more than fifty percent of our deaths. More

than two thirds of all hospital beds are occupied by the victims of these chronic degenerative diseases which until now doctors considered hopeless and labeled "part of the ageing process."

As a result of Selye's work medicine has reached one of its rare turning points. Today the world-wide frontier of medical research is shifting from the study of specific diseases to a study of the biochemistry of life itself—in tiny cells and man himself. Excited doctors are pointing toward the opening of an amazing era of metabolic research—delving into the living processes themselves—which promises to be the golden age of medicine.

Selye's concept of "stress" has been amply verified by thirteen years of laboratory work with animals—but animals are not humans. Two years ago the first dramatic human confirmation of his work was found. At the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minn., bedridden arthritics, given the then newly available hormones ACTH and cortisone, were able to walk, run and dance within a matter of days. It was an astonishing proof of Selye's laboratory experiments which showed that arthritis was a result of an unbalanced glandular production.

Later experiments revealed that the arthritis returned when the ACTH-cortisone treatment was stopped, and that dangerous side



Selye (right) discusses dissection with students. Leading medical journals in Britain and the U. S. have described his findings as a revolution in medical theory.

effects, ranging from high blood pressure and severe headaches to depressed mental states, sometimes resulted. This seriously limited the benefits of ACTH and cortisone. But that these hormones could, as Selye predicted, almost miraculously affect scores of diseases as different as acute asthma, rheumatic fever, and even certain types of leukemia—"cancer of the blood"—was definitely established.

Further experiments revealed that what Selye had discovered was a major key to *all* disease, even schizophrenia, the worst of mental ailments. That is why Selye is credited by medical journals such as the Western Journal of Surgery, Obstetrics and Gynecology, with "the first important theory of medicine since Pasteur elaborated the germ theory of disease." This authoritative publication added: "The development of Selye's concept gives promise as having as profound an effect as its ninety-year-old predecessor." Not long ago the Journal of Endocrinology, published in the United States, devoted an entire issue to Selye's work—unheard-of in medical publications. The British journal Lancet calls his work "the most important trend of medicine at the opening of the second half of the twentieth century." The British Medical Journal has been lavish in its praise.

Like all revolutions this medical revolution in the approach to disease has been a long time in the making. Many factors, not directly connected with Selye's work, have contributed to it. One of the chief factors is that some of the worst killers—childhood diseases such as diphtheria for instance—have been

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# The Singing Cowboy From Nova Scotia

Wilf Carter, a sad-eyed Maritimer who lives with five bathrooms in New Jersey, calls Calgary his home town, and goes under the nom-de-range of Montana Slim, is the strangest singing cowboy in the business. He actually was a cowboy once

By JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY GILBERT A. MILNE

THE BRONCO-BUSTIN', song-writin', guitar-strummin' World's Friendliest Cowboy is a fifty-year-old sad-eyed Maritimer named Wilf Carter. Operating from a five-bathroom, sixty-thousand-dollar home in New Jersey, he is credited with making more records than any man alive, including a sometime cowhand named Crosby.

Carter earns twenty-five thousand dollars a year and has made more than three hundred records, all of them—to the regret of thousands—still in circulation, and he has written close to five hundred songs in praise of mother, daddy, home, that blue-eyed sweetheart and the range. Publication of these songs saved a music publishing company from failure in the early thirties and his records are as dependable a source of income as liquor taxation.

It may jar many Canadians to learn that a whiz of this magnitude is moving anonymously in their midst, but the million-odd admirers of such tunes as *Cowboy, Don't Forget Your Mother*, *A Cowboy's Best Friend is His Pony*, and *My Little Grey-Haired Mother in the West*, would not be surprised if the nation observed a Wilf Carter Day.

Last August between twenty and twenty-five thousand people at the outdoor show at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto brought him back for four encores and two hundred fans lined up afterward to shake his hand. In the Maritimes he drew four thousand people in a town with a population of three thousand. In Vancouver a banner a block long proclaimed *Wilf Carter In Person* and he packed a dance hall for two weeks. At one time he had a daily broadcast over two hundred and fifty stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, out of New York, and drew ten thousand fan letters a week. In North Bay, Ont., a music store has an entire wall covered with stacks of Wilf Carter records. The rest of the stock is kept on a shelf in the corner.

When his song publisher, Gordon V. Thompson, first signed Carter up in 1932, radio had made a disaster of sheet-music sales. His entire catalogue earned about three hundred dollars a year in royalties. "I published a folio of Wilf's songs, about fourteen of them, and after three months I totaled up his royalties. He'd already made seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Later Thompson scored a coup and obtained a folio of Irving Berlin songs, the first Berlin had ever had made into a sheet-music book. He proudly advertised his triumph in a circular at the bottom of which he added that a Wilf Carter folio was also available. Thompson got seven hundred and fifty orders for Irving Berlin, five thousand for Wilf Carter.

"That first folio sold about forty thousand copies and is still selling. I've got out four more and they've sold sixty thousand. Wish he'd do another folio for me," says Thompson.





**Carter yodels There's A Love Knot In My Lariat to a big crowd jammed in front of the CNE band shell. He owns a \$45,000 ranch near Carstairs, Alta.**

Carter can write a song with impressive facility. The tunes, most of which sound like the revival type hymns his mother used to sing, are effortless and the words have a meter all their own. Take his first song, Take Me Back to Old Montana, for example:

I love the dear old ranges,  
I love the prairie trail.  
Watch the cattle grazing  
And hear the kyote wail.  
Swingin' in the saddle  
Just before the break of morn  
Take me back to old Montana  
The place where I was born.

Carter makes no secret of the fact he was born in Nova Scotia but he liked the rhythm of the word Montana. He got the name by which he is known in the States, Montana Slim, from this song. He was in Oregon when he decided to have a few of his songs typed. A stenographer offered to do forty of them for twenty-five cents apiece and he was a few weeks getting the necessary funds together.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Oh, it don't matter," Carter said bashfully.

"Well, you write about Montana and you're slim so I'll call you Montana Slim," she decided and typed that by-line on all his songs. She had a euphonious bouquet of states to choose from. Carter had also written My Missoula Valley Moon, I Long for Old Wyoming, Longing for My Mississippi Home, and so on.

#### **"Stop Making That Hideous Noise!"**

Wilf Carter songs with the greatest longevity appear to be those based on actual events, like the tear-provoking The Life and Death of John Dillinger ("It happened in Chicago, that's noted for its fame. The home of big-time gangsters, where many a man is slain. He was taking in a picture, when a woman tipped the law—three bullets pierced his body, he had not a chance to draw"), The Capture of Albert Johnson, and Rescue From Moose River Mine.

Part of Carter's popularity stems from the fact that he is the originator of several different styles of cowboy yodeling. This may seem reprehensible to some, but today few cowhands dare lean into a microphone without a fair skill at o-lee-ay-lee-ay-leeing, and dozens of them sound so much like Wilf Carter that the master himself is confused.

"I don't mind them usin' my yodels," comments the affable dean, "but when they use my name as well I get riled." Few cowboys have ever attempted to milch the public under the Wilf Carter handle but many are touring the States as Montana Slim and one daring cowpuncher from Toledo had a flourishing radio show under the name Montana Slim until Carter stopped him.

There were so many Montana Slims roaming the cowboy circuits in the south and New England states that Carter decided he had better use his real name to end the confusion. In Knoxville, Tenn., he appeared in a theatre as Wilf Carter and started off with his theme song:

There's a love knot in my lar-i-at  
And it's waiting for a blue-eyed gal you bet  
While I'm riding range all day  
My old lasso seems to say  
It twines around an orn'ry stray  
There's a love knot in my lar-i-at.

The first chorus of this inimitable verse had scarcely left his lips when a voice from the audience cried: "That there's no Wilf Carter, that's Montana Slim!" Wilf Carter expired immediately and Montana Slim completed the program.

It is not unexpected to find a cowboy singer loping along in a Cadillac, as Carter does, in an era when all small boys sleep with their six-shooters by their sides and every back yard is an arena for rustlers, but Wilf is an oddity in the current spurs-and-saddle boom. For one thing he has been a stage cowhand for nearly twenty years, surviving both the cops-and-robbers period and the subsequent enthusiasm for toy tanks and model Spitfires. His other peculiarity among singing cowboys is that he has been a cowboy.

"I don't like to knock other boys in the business," he observes gently, "but Roy Rogers comes from a farm in Ohio and Hopalong Cassidy never rode a horse until they started cranking the cameras on him. I've met four or five Canadians passin' themselves off as Texans with southern accents you could hardly understand. I'm from Nova Scotia, but I've really rode the range."

Maritimers are as likely to turn up on the prairies as wheat farmers' sons are apt to join the navy and Carter first went west when he was thirteen. One of nine children of a poverty-stricken Baptist minister, Wilf was teaming oxen through the Annapolis Valley for twenty-five cents a day when he was nine. One day he saw a poster advertising that a "Yodeling Fool" would be appearing soon at nearby Canning. He sneaked off, sat spellbound through a showing of Uncle Tom's Cabin and nearly swooned with ecstasy when the yodeler appeared.

He returned home and practiced yodeling from apple trees while he helped with the picking. His mother spanked him repeatedly with her slipper for making "that hideous noise." He announced he was leaving home and made good his threat four years later, after working a hitch as skidding monkey in the lumber woods (skid monkeys skid logs to the saw).

"You'll be back," his father prophesied.

He was right. Carter was back three times before he left home for good. The first time he rode the

boxcars to the west and discovered he was too small for real cowboy deeds so he returned. He left again when he was sixteen but this time for Boston, where he built houses. He returned home again, by boxcar, and promptly left for Boston again to be a rigger in a looming factory.

Finally in 1924, when he was twenty-three, he left for Cabbon, Alta., and adventure. He got a job on a ranch and fell under the supervision of Pete Knight, a Calgary Stampede world's champion whom Carter later immortalized in two songs, Pete Knight King of the Cowboys and Pete Knight's Last Ride.

Knight had a prankish habit of entering a corral where five-hundred-pound calves were kept after being separated from their mothers at weaning time. By the light of a full moon he would ride these bucking, twisting, wild-eyed creatures and he taught Carter to enjoy the sport with him. The two toured the rodeo circuit—the big rodeo at Calgary, smaller ones at Crossfield, Olds and other Alberta towns—and Wilf gradually acquired fame as an eardowner. An eardowner is one of a three-man team which catches, saddles and rides a wild horse. The trick is to get the wild horse to stand still while he is being saddled and mounted and this, Wilf swears, is accomplished by biting the horse's ears.

#### **On the Tail Gate of a Chuck Wagon**

"I didn't fear a horse, even when he was striking and biting at me," recalls Carter. "On the word 'Go' I just grabbed him by the head and put his ears between my teeth. He stood like he was paralyzed."

Carter really shone at the dances the cowboys often had in rural schoolhouses. He was the entire accompaniment, singing cowboy songs that were popular at the time and gradually making up a few of his own. He accompanied these efforts on an autoharp, a flat instrument resembling a guitar and a harp. Once he went into Calgary and applied for a job singing on the local radio station. He was urged by the management to return to the prairie. In 1931 he was singing on the tail gate of a chuck wagon parked across the street from the railway station in Calgary when he attracted the interest of the radio station manager who hired him for five dollars a show.

"And I had to chase him all over a golf course every week to collect it," he recalls ruefully.

Around this time Gordon Thompson, a Toronto music publisher with an impressive array of Royal Conservatory of Music composers, responded to the urging of his son that he publish some cowboy music. He started west looking for cowboy singers who wrote their own material and he found his man in Calgary,

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This English-born wife of a Canadian Indian veteran can hunt moose out of season and her husband doesn't have to pay income tax. They don't live in a wigwam but she's learned that on the reservation every brave is a chief in his own house

Paudash's father gave the couple this house near Peterborough, Ont., but its foundations sank. Then an uncle willed them another.

The Paudashes go picnicking. From left: Father, baby Garry, Mrs. Paudash, Michael (hand on foot), Margaret (with pup), Geraldine, Carol and Glenn.



# I MARRIED AN I



Mrs. Paudash (left) in her garden with a neighbor, Mrs. Ernestine Loucks, who also became Indian when she was wed to one.



Coming out of Hiawatha United Church on the reservation. The Indian community soon made the white squaw feel at home.



Square dancing makes Mrs. Paudash dizzy, so she looks on while her husband dances with a cousin's wife, Florence Anderson.

A YEAR AGO I left my home in a little place called Bognor Regis in Sussex, England, and came to Canada as the wife of an Indian whom I'd met while he was stationed in England with the Glengarry Highlanders. Since then I've lived with Indians as my family, friends and neighbors at Hiawatha, the reserve of the Rice Lake Indians, fifteen miles south of Peterborough, Ont. I'm legally an Indian, registered with the Indian agency in Peterborough, subject to the terms of the Indian Act. From Anne Rosemary Hacker of Sussex, I've become Rice Lake Indian, Band No. 69.

Until I met my husband, George Paudash Jr., I'd never seen any Indians except in the movies, where they were always stealing babies, setting fire to wagons and being shot by two-gun Hollywood cowboys. When I got to Canada I found the reality was just as crazy, in a different way. Since arriving in my husband's native land things have been so mixed up that I don't know quite where I'm at yet.

Soon after I'd arrived I met a girl from back home in a Toronto cocktail lounge where I'd arranged to meet my husband after shopping. I told her I was married to an Indian and lived on a reservation, just as the waiter arrived with two Martinis we'd ordered. He stopped with the drinks in his hands and asked me if he could see my blue card. I didn't know what he was talking about. "Your enfranchisement card," he told me. I still didn't know what he was talking about. He told me he was sorry but that anyone who served an Indian was liable to a three-hundred-dollar fine or six months in jail with hard labor or both. I thought

he was joking. In view of my accent he saw the joke himself. But he wasn't amused enough to give me my Martini. By marrying an Indian I had automatically become an Indian myself according to the terms of the Indian Act.

My husband arrived, greeted the bartender by his first name, ordered a beer, then turned to my girl friend and me and asked how we liked Toronto. While my friend eyed him with obvious appreciation of his "Latin" good looks I managed to sputter out my story. He thought it was uproariously funny. The bartender (an old Army pal, I discovered) came back, all smiles, gave me my Martini and explained, apologetically, that it was different when you knew the Indian. The provincial governments can now pass acts permitting Indians to drink in authorized public places but no province has done this yet.

#### For Them, No Bridge Tolls

I soon found out that I not only couldn't drink, I couldn't vote—all because I'd married a Treaty Indian; that is, an Indian who remained on a reservation and accepted the privileges of the Indian Act. The first time I got ready to go out and vote I was told by my new friends on the reserve that I couldn't. I threatened to do everything but call out the British Navy. But it didn't do any good. The only vote I have is for the chief and councilors of our band, whom the Indians elect every three years.

There's another side to the picture, though. I pay no land or income tax and get free medical,

dental and hospital care; and can shoot a moose out of season if I ever happen to meet one. Sometimes the bright side of the picture is just as crazy as the other. One day the Indian agent came around and handed me a hundred and five dollars. I'd already been getting family allowance. I asked him what it was for. He told me it was treaty money—fifteen dollars each for my husband, myself and my children. I'd never heard of it. I found it was [money set aside for Indians according to a treaty, by which the government purchased my happy hunting grounds.

One day two girls held me up with my housework for half an hour trying to sell me a new kind of dust mop. I couldn't think of any way of getting rid of them. The Indian agent happened to come along and ordered them off the place. They left, as wild as Indians about the whole thing. Anyone trespassing on the reserve is subject to a fine of fifty dollars or to a month's imprisonment or both. It comes in handy.

The funniest thing happened as a result of an old law that Indians of both Canada and the U. S. A. can pass freely across the international border. When my husband took me on my first trip to Niagara Falls he showed a card and we walked across the international bridge and past the immigration office as easily as if we were going to a football game. We didn't even have to pay bridge toll. When we were on the U. S. side a stout, indignant-looking woman, still ruffled from being asked so many questions, looked at me sharply, obviously a bit piqued at the way I'd sailed through, and asked *Continued on next page*

By ANNE ROSEMARY PAUDASH

PHOTOS BY H. W. TETLOW

# INDIAN





**Feeding six hungry children is easy compared with cutting through the red tape surrounding red men. But they do get free medical and hospital care.**

me how I got away with it. By this time I was a bit giddy from everything that had been happening to me. I fastened her with a stony look and said, in my broadest south-of-England accent, "I'm a North American Indian."

In fairness to the position of the Canadian government, I must add no Indian has to stay an Indian. By application to the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, Indian Affairs Branch, he can become enfranchised and get a blue card (the card the bartender wanted to see) which shows he has completely abandoned his Indian status and has become an ordinary Canadian citizen. I've tried to get my husband to become enfranchised. But it would mean he would have to leave the reserve and, as in the case of most Indians, give up the home he had inherited from his parents and leave the place of his birth. In the meantime, as an Indian, everything he does has to be done the hard way, through the Indian Affairs Branch, and red tape as thick as war paint.

When my husband returned from overseas he got a job as a welder in the Canadian General Electric plant in Peterborough. The reserve is fifteen miles out of town and we had to have a car. He applied for his Army re-establishment credit and bought a 1947 Dodge. The next thing to do was to get our house fixed up, a small seven-room frame home in a sparse settlement amid uncultivated fields and woods on the north shore of Rice Lake. There was no wiring so we had no electric light, refrigerator, electric stove or water-pumping system. The only running water we had was the water coming through the roof when it rained. We couldn't get a loan from a bank or loan company without securities and it's against the law to use anything on a reservation as collateral.

We applied for a loan under the Veterans' Land Act. We found that to get it we had to return the nine-hundred-dollar re-establishment credit—which would have meant selling the car and my husband giving up his job—and obtain a location ticket proving ownership of the house, left to my husband by an uncle and in which his parents had been living since he went overseas. This was all normal procedure for a veteran transferring his re-establishment credit to DVA. But we had to do it all through the Indian agent, a willing and helpful man who nevertheless has a million regulations to follow. We still live in a leaky house. I still wash by hand, pump my own

water and take a walk outside, winter or summer, whenever I want to use the powder room. My husband's ancestors were noted for how fast they could move around the woods. Sometimes I think as long as we remain Indians we'll never be out of the woods.

I met my husband during a blackout in Bognor Regis when he was a sergeant in the Glengarry Highlanders. He was a voice in the dark asking me directions to the local pub. I told him. We started to talk and made a date to go to a movie the following day. The next afternoon I was met by a handsome dark-complexioned man with a black mustache who could have belonged to any of the dark-haired Mediterranean races. Not that it mattered. People in England haven't the Canadians' prejudice about dark skins. We began to see a lot of one another after that. One day we saw a movie I forgot the name of it—in which a full-blooded Indian in feathers and war paint kissed the heroine long and ardently. When we stepped out onto the street I said, "If any Indian ever kissed me, I'd slit his throat." My husband-to-be grinned and said, "Then you'd better slit mine."

He enjoyed the joke. He enjoyed it even more when he learned the fantastic ideas my mother and I had about North American Indians. Far from correcting them he told us he'd scalped a lot of people when he was younger but hadn't done any recently; and that he only put on feathers and beat a drum on Saturday night. Some of my friends didn't quite know whether to believe him or not. I remember one old lady, a friend of my mother's who was even more confused than average, asked him, "Do they still fight over you in Canada?" We were married and lived at my parents' home

in Bognor Regis, then when my husband was in Aldershot I took rooms in a nearby place called Ash Vale. When my husband went to Europe with the invasion troops I went back to Bognor Regis and stayed there until he was discharged, when we moved to Canada with our four children and my little girl from a previous marriage.

I arrived in Belleville, Ont., with my family in Oct. 1950. I was met at two in the morning by my mother-in-law, father-in-law and a group of their neighbors who drove me to my new home.

Hiawatha, one of approximately twenty-two hundred reserves in Canada, is an eighteen-hundred-and-sixty acre tract of land on the north shore of Rice Lake. I understand that in some sections of Canada Indians still live a primitive life. But Hiawatha looks just like any other rural settlement of modest homes except that Indians take a reverse attitude from most white people: they are more concerned with the inside than the outside. Many of the houses at Hiawatha look shabby to a passer-by. Inside they are scrubbed white.

I've never received such a warm-hearted treatment as I have from the Indians at Hiawatha. They gave me bridal showers, baby showers and banquets. I've never had any trouble about finding sitters. Women are offering to come in and mind the children all the time. The only trouble I have is when I try to pay them. They get offended and tell me if I ever mention paying them again they'll never come back.

The reputation of Indians for their lack of chivalry toward women is about as silly as the notion that they still live in wigwams. My husband won't let me carry a pail of water or lift a thing when he's around; and the only time he ever caused me any uneasiness about the children was in England when he insisted on taking the baby for a walk in the baby carriage. I nearly died of embarrassment. English husbands just don't do that.

As far as the traditional "silent Indian" is concerned, I think, between my husband and the average Englishman, my husband is the more talkative. His ideas on who's boss in a family are more like those of an Englishman than a Canadian, too. In an Indian family the husband is definitely the big chief. Not that I'm afraid to put up an argument with my husband. He'll reason along with me so far. But after that he gives me his verdict and it's final. I found that out one time my husband came home from work and found my eldest daughter still hadn't arrived from school. I knew she had stopped to play somewhere, and hadn't paid much attention to it. But I discovered Indians want to know where their children are at all times. Usually they keep them at home. It was the first time I'd seen my husband get mad. He has a quick temper. For a minute I thought another paleface was going

to bite the dust. He told me that from now on our children would report back from school when school was out.

Like most Southern Ontario Indians the Indians at Hiawatha are educated in the same schools, wear the same clothes and work in the same factories and on the same farms as any other Canadians. Many of them, particularly the younger generation, look the same as the young people you see everywhere playing softball, walking with their girls, working in garages, offices and shops. They have forgotten most of the lore of their forefathers. But not all. One time when my new baby had stomach cramps I tried several medicines prescribed by the doctor but nothing did any good. My husband went out and came back with some bark, which I later found was the inner bark of hemlock, made a brew of it, and gave it to the baby. The baby got better at once.

Last winter we hardly spent a thing on meat for the table. My husband shot rabbits, partridge, and caught any amount of fish. The only time our ways parted was when it came to eating muskrat. It wasn't so much the flavor, it was just the idea of it.

I began to pick up a few Indian ways myself. I'd never done any fishing. I not only learned to enjoy it, but my daughters and I made some nice pocket money selling deworms and frogs to the paleface cottagers for bait.

Most Canadians, I've found, are as confused about Indians as I was before I married one, and many look down on the whole race. Just recently at a local dance outside the reserve a white man told three Indian girls who were sitting near him they'd have to sit somewhere else. When they refused to move he began to make offensive remarks. There was only one Indian man in the place but he told the girls to stay where they were and stood up to take what was coming. Other white men arrived and for a moment it looked as if an Indian were going to be massacred. But a professional boxer, a white man who was training nearby, stepped up beside him ready to help him out. There wasn't any trouble.

Soon after I came here I went to a Canadian General Electric picnic outside Peterborough and won an electric kettle in a lucky draw. When I went up to get the kettle I heard some woman in the crowd say, "Isn't that the woman who married one of those Indians?" She said "those Indians" in a way I didn't like. I was ready to go on the warpath but I couldn't be sure of who said it.

The next time was different. I was in the hospital having my baby. When my husband's family came to see me a woman in the bed next to mine said, "What makes all those people so dark?" "They're Indians," I told her.

She asked where I came from. When I told her Hiawatha she said, "A lot of those Indians are pretty dirty, aren't they?"

Any Indians I know are just as clean as, or cleaner than, anyone else. I gave her a piece of my mind. It took quite a while. The woman apologized. A little later my husband arrived and by the way my roommate looked at him I gathered she was changing her mind about Indians fast.

Sometimes I miss England, the sea and my family and English friends. But I'm content with my new life. I enjoy my new Indian friends and family and the unquestioning way I've been accepted as one of them. And I'd rather be married to my Indian husband than anyone I know. He's thoughtful, considerate, a good father and a good husband. In spite of the problems I'm still glad that I caught one of the vanishing red men. ★

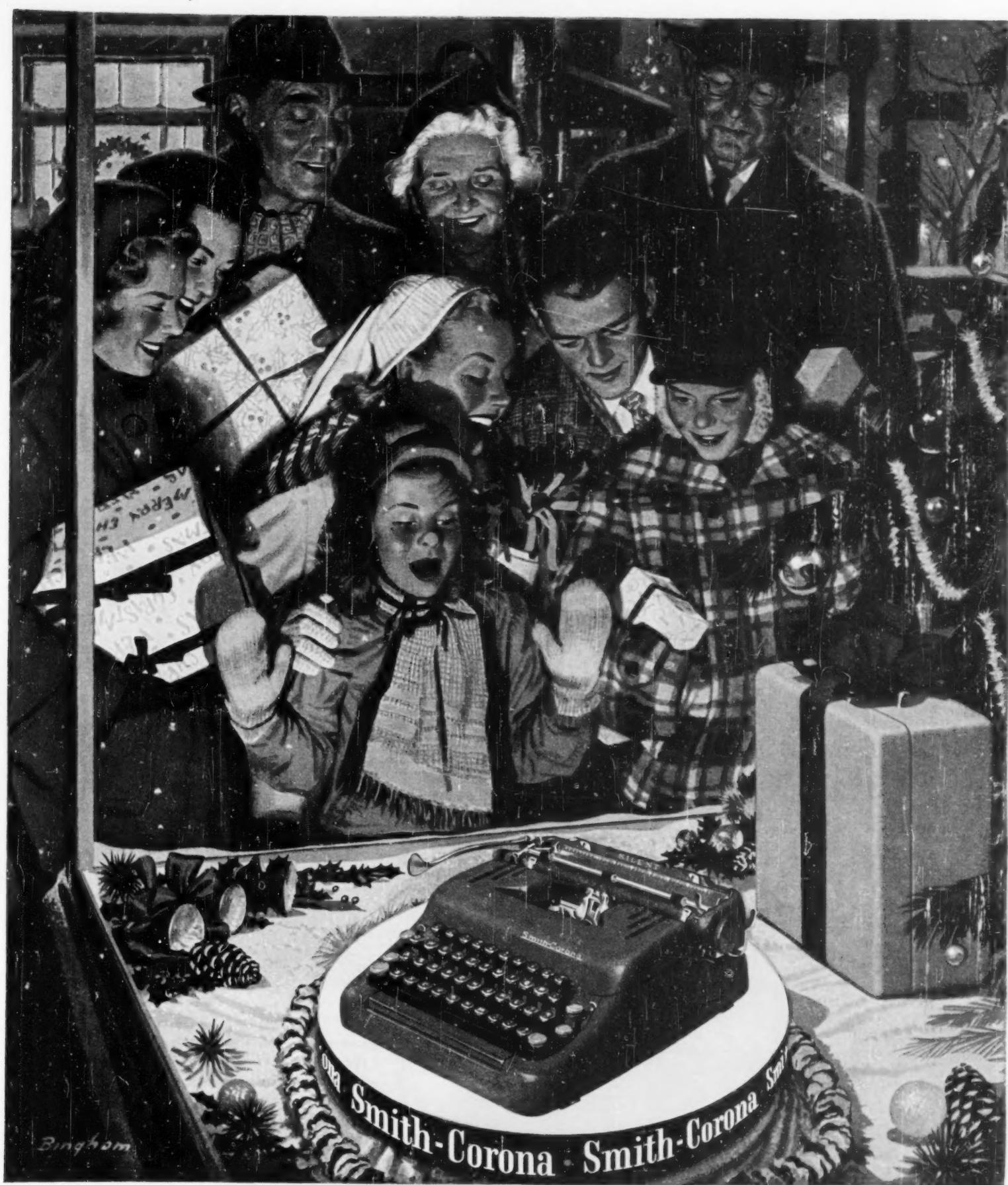


#### A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

### LUCY OF GREEN GABLES

Meet the original Anne, the best-loved character ever created by a Canadian author, in this article by Ian Slanders.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DEC. 12



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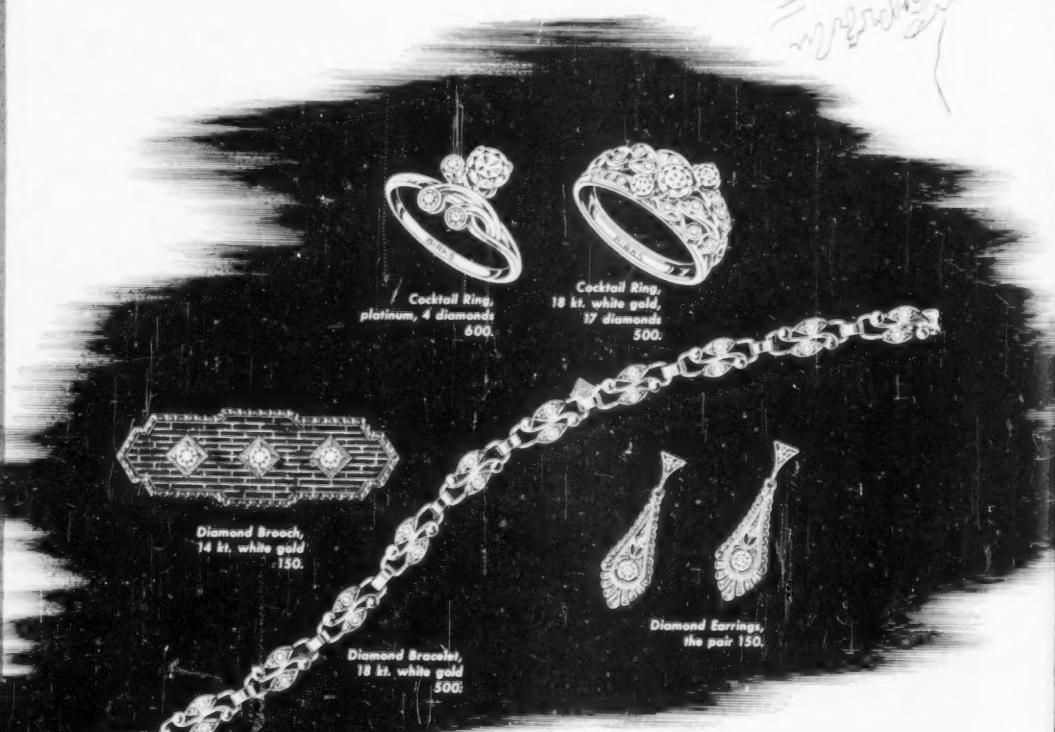
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## IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE



Peter Whalley: An informal flute.

**PETER WHALLEY** is perhaps the only artist in this issue (see page 42) who is a former merchant mariner now playing the flute for relaxation. He did his seagoing in a succession of foreign tramps as a wireless man during the war. He plays recorder, a kind of flute, with an informal little combo in Morin Heights, about forty miles north of Montreal, where he lives with his wife, small daughter and a spoiled spaniel.

The lusty humor of Whalley's drawings have been complementing the work of Canadian writers in this magazine for some time now. In between assignments this summer he taught a group of water colorists at Queen's summer school, not far from his birthplace, Brockville.

The last day of this month is the deadline for entries from Canadian writers competing for the **President's Medals**, the University of Western Ontario, a new set of three awards for the best article, short story and poem published during 1951 in any English-language publication. The Governor-General's Awards Board of the Canadian Authors Association will do the judging and it asks for four sets of tear sheets with each entry. Where it's absolutely impossible to get four sets they will take one if the entrant explains the difficulty in an accompanying letter. No manuscripts considered. The address: Franklin Davey McDowell, Chairman, Governor-General's Awards Board, Public Relations Dept., Canadian National Railways, Room 469, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

**T**HE MACLEAN'S All-Canadian rugby team, picked for the sixth successive year (see page 14) by **Ted Reeve**, shows signs of becoming

a sports institution just like the shovel-chinned enthusiast who selects it. The Moaner is the kind of a man around whom rugby traditions and legends seem to gather as naturally as ticket seekers around a sports writer on the night before the Grey Cup. In the west, for instance, the *aficionados* are well accustomed to looking for him, when the work's all done each fall, in search of candidates for his all-stars. While certainly not as great a cultural event as the Grey Cup which brings the hopes and dreams of the east and west together, this visit of Reeve's is regarded highly by all involved, particularly Reeve. There was a time, however, when he was not as sympathetic to the western brand of football as he is now. Before an east-west final some years ago he was heard to mutter: "When they send a halfback to the bull pen to warm up his pitching arm it isn't rugby any more."

The Wilf Carter songs in June Callwood's article on the Singing Cowboy on page 24 are quoted with the permission of the publishers, who are Gordon V. Thompson Ltd. (Take me Back to Old Montana); and Peer International Corporation (There's a Love Knot in my Lariat).

### THE COVER



**R**EX WOODS admits to being one of those seasonal cynics who announces early each December that he doesn't think he'll bother with a tree and ends up about the twenty-fourth of the same month stomping around town a little indignant that the best trees all seem to be gone. It was on one of these last-minute forays that he got the idea for this cover. "You will notice," he urged us, "that in this picture there are none of those sophisticated trees, sprayed cerise or silver. When a Christmas tree has to undergo this sort of thing to conform to a decorator's color scheme I feel that an iron curtain has been set up that won't let Christmas through."

## LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OH, HAPPY SADIE HAWKINS DAY!!!

HE'S CORNERED ON TH' ROOF!!—NEXT STOP MARRYIN' SAM!!

GASP!! DRUTHER GIT BARBY-CUED THAN MARRIED!!



GET THAT **CREAM OF WHEAT** FEELING... AND GET YOUR MAN!

## The Cave-In That Shook The Country

Continued from page 21

rubber pants, Grenfell jackets and old hats, or sou'westers. They had no food, but ample water—indeed, for a time they believed they might be flooded out before they could be rescued. It was impossible to keep dry.

Their first act was to build a fire out of an abandoned dynamite box they found in the crosscut and, although

their matches were soaked and useless, they got the fire going by using the miner's lamp. Blowing on the fire almost continuously they kept it burning for sixteen hours and it was during this period that they began to notice a numbness in their feet which Dr. Robertson recognized as the beginning of trench foot. They warmed stones over the fire and passed them back and forth in an effort to warm themselves. Then Magill and Dr. Robertson began to become nauseated; periods of vomiting were followed by continuous hiccoughs. Scadding's digestive system

was strong but his joints began to cause him excruciating pain and his feet were in the worst condition. After about a day in their tomb their lamps had burned out and the fire was gone. They lay down, snuggled together like three spoons, each trying to get warmth from the other. It became increasingly difficult to stand because of the loss of sensation in their feet.

Meanwhile, on the surface, miners from many parts of Nova Scotia had begun rescue operations and the Ontario Government flew a plane load of hard-rock miners from northern gold

mines to assist. It was a difficult assignment because there was the constant danger of further cave-ins and, in fact, after two days one operation had to be abandoned for that reason. By the night of the third day there had been nothing to indicate the trapped men were alive and hope for their rescue was fast dimming.

A miner named Billy Bell was the hero of a story which by now had excited wide interest. He was a quaint hard-bitten Nova Scotia diamond driller who wore a derby hat and smoked cigarettes and chewed tobacco simultaneously. With his knowledge of the mine and using the spot where the wood smoke from the dynamite box had been seen seeping up out of the ground the first day, he started pushing his diamond drill, seven feet an hour, at the spot he calculated the men were trapped. He dug at a forty-five degree angle from the outer perimeter of the sunken ground—it looked like a dried-up shallow lake bed, and on the third afternoon, April 15, his drill drove into a wide opening. He was convinced he'd struck the shaft. As it turned out, he had.

But no one at the surface knew this. Quickly the drill was withdrawn and a flare sent down. Then a lighted pencil flashlight was lowered and moved up and down for five minutes. Men stepped up to the hole and shouted down it. Live steam was turned into the hole. Compressed air whistles echoed eerily down it. But there was no response from below and, as darkness fell, hope was abandoned of finding the men alive. The miners started taking down the lights by which they had worked at night and they began to pack up their equipment. All except Billy Bell, who stood by his diamond drill, refusing to leave the tiny hole it had bored into the earth, convinced he'd hit the right shaft.

Then suddenly, in the darkness, there came a tap-tap-tapping on the steel of the drill hole.

"My God," shouted Billy Bell, "we've got them!"

Scadding, the only one of the three men still alive today, explains: "We saw the first flare and I rushed over and stamped it out. We thought the mine was catching fire. If a flashlight came down we didn't see it and that's possible because we were lying around a turn in the crosscut from the shaft. We felt the steam in the blackness, of course, but again thought the mine might be catching fire. We'd been there so long that I suppose the thought of rescuers didn't occur to us right off. It was the whistles that finally brought that thought through and then in the darkness there was the problem of finding the drill hole. I found it, at last, and tapped on the pipe with a stone."

It was then, with the knowledge that the men were alive, that the Canadian, American and English newspapermen who had flocked to the scene poured front-page stories out to their papers. The Toronto Star ran twenty-four separate stories that day and the Toronto Telegram seventeen. The Mail and Empire gave staff writers top billing and used Canadian Press stories liberally, too. Similarly, the other morning paper, the Globe, emphasized nothing else. In fact, the Star combined the rescue story with a sort of promotion all its own, casually mentioning the word Star thirty-six times in a single news story on the paper's method of covering developments. Across the country everybody spoke, read and heard about the drama unfolding at Moose River. At British Columbia outposts people sat from sundown to sunrise listening to the half-hour broadcasts and, in the other



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"These days, it takes a lot of money to keep up a home, and to buy food and clothes for a growing family..."

"If my wife should be left to look after these things, would my life insurance be enough to enable her to get along?"

"The thing for me to do is to get the advice of an expert on my insurance situation as it shapes up today."

LONDON LIFE  
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ASK THE  
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MAN

direction, men in the coal mines of Newcastle awaited bulletins. Texas, California and Maine had newspaper readers and radio listeners exhibiting rapt interest in the rescue. It was, in the parlance of the trade, a story that caught on.

It was a weird and wonderful jag for the newspapers and for the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission (now the CBC) for it was the first time in Canadian history that the radio and the Press had ever battled side by side for precedence in news presentation. And the most incredible part of it all was that everybody, newspapermen and broadcasters alike, had to depend upon the single party line telephone connection to get out their material. A fist fight developed the first day after the men were known to be alive between J. Frank Willis, the radio commission's broadcaster, and Percy Cole, of the Toronto Telegram, over use of the line and several other physical outbursts threatened.

Utter chaos was avoided and reasonable order established when Michael Dwyer, Nova Scotia's minister of mines, set up a system whereby each newspaper could have the mine's crank-style telephone for five minutes an hour and the radio commission could employ the line for three minutes every half hour.

But while news-coverage tribulations beset the surface and while millions of people followed the course of rescue developments, there was only psychological surcease for the entombed men whose physical hardships grew steadily worse. A telephone extension was lowered to them through the diamond drill hole and they were able to communicate with loved ones at the surface but neither Magill nor Dr. Robertson could derive any benefit from soup and chocolate that was lowered to them. The food served only to nauseate them and make their retchings more violent and on the fourth day Magill's abdominal pains became almost unbearable and his pulse and breathing accelerated alarmingly. A little later his fever began to mount and then suddenly he sat up, crying for a drink of water. Robertson gave him one and then Magill fell back and died within a few moments. The doctor and Scadding lighted a few of the candles which had been lowered and moving slowly and painfully they carried Magill's body across the shaft and laid it on a board.

The two of them settled back, then, encircling each other with their arms and moved only when nature demanded or to shift their positions. Scadding recalls that he never felt hunger but that his feet pained constantly. In fact, only two things, aside from the physical discomfiture, tormented him: the initial fear that death was close when first the mine collapsed and then, after that, the fear the blasting or the shoveling or the cutting operations of the rescuers would cause another collapse.

Though they could sleep fitfully for only fifteen minutes to half an hour because of the pains in their joints, the trapped men were frequently bothered by nightmares. Generally, these had warm luxurious settings and, just as they were reaching for something that appealed particularly, the cold dampness would envelope them and they would open their eyes to the cavern's blackness and the eternal dripping of the water. The constant wetness made their hands raw and scaled so that it became painful even to reach for the telephone.

Meanwhile the outside world was becoming constantly more jittery. Frank Willis, the deep-voiced solemn Maritime representative of the radio com-

mission, who handled the broadcasts, recalls that he had no idea he was being heard outside the Maritimes, "because on our single line no calls ever came in; when I wasn't broadcasting the newspapermen were using it." This, in large part, is the explanation for ensuing charges of sensationalism. Every time a miner came up from the rescue pit he'd be grabbed by a newspaperman and asked if rescue were near. Invariably he'd reply that it was. Minister Dwyer emerged from the hole one time to claim the men would be released in a matter of hours.

They weren't. Newsmen, naturally, dispatched this information to their offices when their turns on the telephone came and the papers translated it into large headlines.

One newspaper paid a miner fifty dollars for exclusive information. Scadding's brother, who was at the pit-head, heard the miner pass along the information one afternoon and learned it was false. He asked the miner not to pass along erroneous information for the sake of the families of the men, and the miner confessed he hadn't thought of that angle. "I wanted the fifty

bucks," he said. "When there was nothing new I'd make something up so I'd get it."

The Toronto Globe, in a front-page story, declared that an epidemic of nervous prostration was sweeping the city, quoting a physician.

"Is it any wonder there's an epidemic?" one of the city's best-known specialists commented to the Globe last night (the story ran). "One minute the men are rescued; then they aren't. First it's a matter of minutes only; then a matter of hours, then days. Some of the news an-

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nouncers and a section of the press are putting the public through a species of the most refined torture with their hysterical broadcasts and screaming headlines. A person who is normally the least bit high-strung can't possibly hear and read those 'in-and-out, up-and-down' reports and maintain a proper nervous balance."

He said he and his colleagues were experiencing an unprecedented number of cases of nervous strain and collapse sufficiently serious to require medical attention, sedatives and rest.

The rescuers made communication with the trapped men about a day before they actually reached them. Scadding recalls becoming aware of a movement in the mine as though people were moving around in the next room of a house. He could hear the occasional clunk of a hammer plowing into soft earth or pounding on wood and then he would call out and hear an answering shout. It wasn't until many hours after this, though, that the miners were able to work through the entanglements of wood and pipes and broken rock, finally to burst into the tomb.

This created another debacle for the anxious millions awaiting the final rescue. At noon of Wednesday, April 22, Charles Ivey, brother-in-law of Robertson, called the newsmen together and told them the trapped men soon would be out. Requesting there be no false reports of the rescue he said he'd definitely tell them when the miners were through to the men. At 12:30 noon he rushed to the newsmen. "The miners are through!" he shouted.

The men scurried for the phone and flashed the bulletin, in turn, to their offices. The Star, in gigantic hand-set type, shouted:

### RESCUED

across the front page for all editions. Some minutes later Ivey announced that the miners weren't really through, that they still had to circumvent some unexpected broken beams and mounds of rock. This news was sent to the papers on the next phone call and the two Toronto afternoon papers, vitally concerned with the story since the three men involved were Toronto men, played it differently. The Star maintained its single line. The Telegram ran three black lines, the top and the bottom of heavier type than the centre line.

### TAPE EYES FOR EXIT DIGGERS CRAWL IN TO GIVE BOTH STIMULANTS SAWING AT BARRIERS

Actually the two men who had been entombed for two hundred and forty hours did not emerge from the mine until nearly midnight. Through the final hours they could hear the miners' approach and the knowledge that rescue was near gave them contentment and great patience. Robertson was in comparative physical comfort but Scadding continued to suffer great and continued pain in his feet. The victims could tell from the noise of the rescuers that the advance was not through a large tunnel well supported and timbered up as they moved downward but rather was little more than a gopher hole. The trapped men were lying dozing when suddenly they heard a voice and opened their eyes to a shaft of light.

"Can you see the skip?" cried Robertson. "You are in the shaft! We're over here!"

Through the side wall at their feet came two men, lights glowing from their miners' hats. The doctor and Scadding sat up, smiling and with



tears coming to their eyes. The miners produced a flask of soup and pulled off their sweaters to wrap them around the men. Other miners tumbled through the hole into the tomb and many of them were so overcome with emotion as they clasped the men's hands that they cried.

A belt attached to a long rope had been rigged up to assist in the ascent but Robertson did not need it. He was able to crawl up the rescue shaft, past the men who had worked to save him as they flattened themselves against the sides to let him pass. The way was shored up with two-by-fours and there were wedges driven here and there to hold up rocks and beams. The final eight feet of the climb were made on a ladder and, standing and resting to muster his strength, Robertson climbed the ladder unaided and emerged at the surface into rows of flashing cameras and cheering miners. Scadding, because of his damaged feet, was helped up with a belt.

When the Toronto Globe came on the street shortly afterward, it repudiated the Star's day-long RESCUED headline by clarioning:

### REALLY RESCUED!

Scadding was in hospital for six months and all his toes were amputated but he is alive and well today, working in the stamp department of a Toronto department store. People haven't forgotten the Moose River mine disaster and they frequently stop and talk to him about it, especially when the rescue's anniversary is marked by the papers. He says he suffers no aftermath of the experience and has never been haunted by dreams of it.

"Only time I'm bothered," he says, "is if I'm tired out and go to bed and can't get to sleep. Then I sometimes think of the things that might have happened, rather than the things that did. People will say to me, 'You were lucky you were trapped with a doctor.' That's hardly true. Actually I'd have been better off if it had been a miner because that was the doctor's first trip underground and there wasn't much he could do. We were never panic-stricken down there, which I attribute to our military discipline. Dr. Robertson and I both went overseas with the first contingent and Magill was a reserve officer in the Toronto Scottish."

Writer Gregory Clark uncovered the miracle of the story, if that's the word for it. Six months after the rescue Billy Bell, the diamond driller, paid a visit to Toronto. "Billy," Clark said to him, "I always meant to ask you: Why did you refuse to leave your drill that Saturday night when everyone else had given the men up for dead?"

The little driller who'd worn the derby hat and smoked cigarettes while he chewed tobacco grinned and hesitated and then he said:

"When I was thirteen I was a waterboy at a mine. My father and I were underground one time when a cave-in trapped us. We were there two days when a diamond driller got through to us. I'm a religious man, Mr. Clark. I sort of dedicated myself to the diamond drill that day." ★



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FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER SINCE 1860

### If You Live To Be a 100

*Continued from page 23*

reduced to the vanishing point. So have the fatalities resulting from typhoid, diarrhea and enteritis. The incidence of influenza has been severely reduced. There no longer exist, in terms of research, any great environmental disease problems such as malaria and yellow fever. And the development of powerful antibiotics such as penicillin, aureomycin and terramycin have largely wiped out the problem of infectious diseases as research problems. Indeed, the whole character of many of our medical problems has changed from one of research to one of trying to give adequate treatment to victims.

Simultaneously, diagnostic medicine, with the development of improved X-rays and other technical equipment such as the electronic microscope, has reached its highest level.

Yet, in spite of millions spent in research and constant technological developments such as using radioactive isotopes to trace cancer cells, medical research has made pitifully slight gains against the big killers—heart and circulatory diseases, cancer, pneumonia, tuberculosis and nephritis. Heart and circulatory diseases cause almost double the combined toll of the next five leading killer diseases. In short, on these major diseases medicine has long been at a standstill.

That is why, when the hormones ACTH and cortisone relieved the Mayo Clinic's arthritics in 1949, the world of medical research turned excitedly to the study of living processes. At the first conference on the effects of ACTH and cortisone doctors shouted and yelled with excitement. "Never have I attended such a conference," said one physician. "It was like a religious meeting, with men popping up all over the house to tell of some seeming miracle. No medical gathering in history ever heard reports on so many different diseases yielding to treatment with a single drug." Dr. Walter Bauer, of Harvard's Medical School, declared these discoveries "mark the opening of a new era in medicine." Others said: "We felt as though we were witnessing the beginning of a revolution."

They were. The medical research world instantly realized that ACTH and cortisone, while limited in their benefits, offered impressive support for Selye's theory of disease. And the gradual consolidation of his theory with facts has stimulated new research in virtually every known disease. Today researchers in all parts of the world avidly await reports of the Montreal Institute's latest experiments.

Revolutionary turns such as this are rare in medicine. Medicine made its first one when the great artist-scientist, Vesalius, reported his anatomical discoveries in 1543; after that medicine was based on anatomy. It made another great turn when Harvey in 1628 discovered how the blood circulated. It made another turn in 1761 when Morgagni traced various diseases to specific organs. Another great turn came when Louis Pasteur discovered the germ in 1857, and still another in 1910 when Paul Ehrlich announced he had found chemical bodies that would kill bacteria without killing the cells in which they lived. But Selye's discoveries upset much of what was considered either proven or impossible to prove.

One gets some idea of the gathering swiftness of this revolution from the medical journals' references to Selye's work. In the first ten years there were just under seven hundred references to

*Continued on page 38*

# Elizabeth Arden

## Christmas Inspirations

Elizabeth Arden makes Christmas a thing of beauty . . . fills flacons with fragrance, brims boxes with beauty, wraps hearts in happiness. It's natural, though, as mistletoe at Christmas . . .

for Beauty is her Gift.



June Geranium Bath Set . . . Bath Salts and Bath Soap in June Geranium fragrance with Snowdrift Dusting Powder . . . \$6.70.

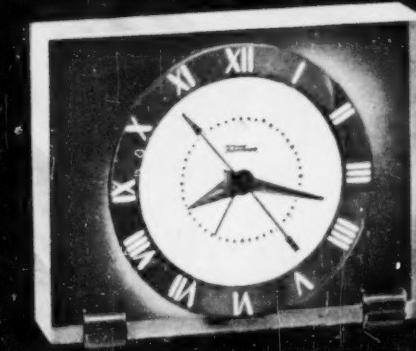
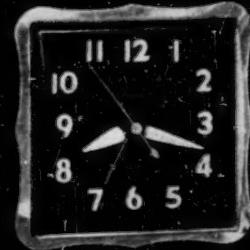
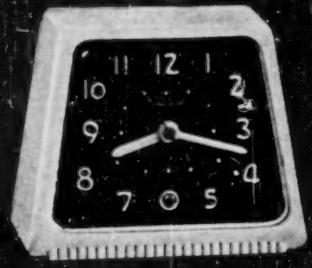
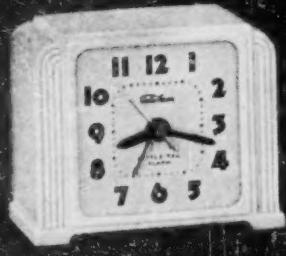
Eau de France . . . a pure French essence . . . "On Dit"—the sophisticated fragrance that speaks with a French accent . . . in a conical cut crystal bottle . . . \$13.00.

Week-End Beauty Box . . . luxurious addition to any week-end—14 Essentials for Loveliness—pink plastic jars . . . special compartment for gown and slippers . . . \$29.50.

Christmas Boot . . . the traditional Christmas boot . . . with perky toe and silver cord lace . . . conceals a 4-ounce bottle of Blue Grass Flower Mist and a jewel-topped Perfumoir in classic Blue Grass Perfume . . . \$5.50.

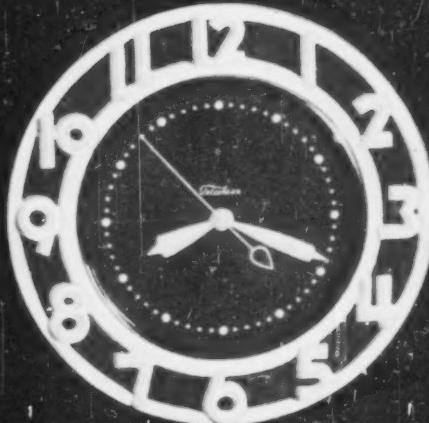
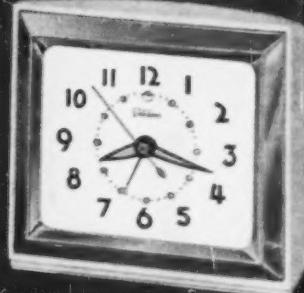
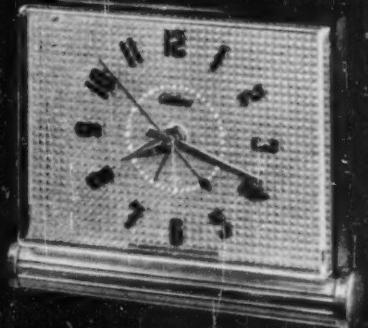
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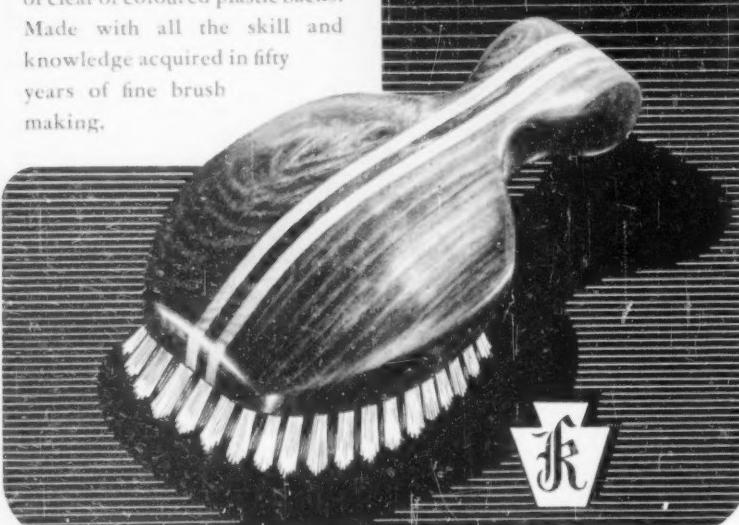
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*Continued from page 35*

his work. In the next five years there were fifty-five hundred. Last year alone there were three thousand more references. Selye's book, *Stress*, which details hundreds of experiments, is now selling at the rate of twenty-five volumes per day at fourteen dollars per volume, exceeded in sales—among scientific texts only by the famed Kinsey Report on sex. The staid British Medical Journal, acclaiming the stimulus to research which Selye's work has caused, declares: "No theory in living memory has possessed these virtues to a greater extent."

Selye began the experiments which led to his provocative discoveries in Sept. 1936, at McGill University in Montreal, where he was studying on a Rockefeller fellowship. Coming from a Hungarian family which for four generations had produced doctors, Selye studied medicine in Paris, Rome and Prague. Deciding on a research career in endocrinology, he went to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore and worked there for a year. Then he went to McGill because it had already become one of the world's foremost endocrinological centres under Dr. J. B. Collip, discoverer of the parathyroid hormone and now dean of medicine at the University of Western Ontario.

Like many other great scientific discoveries, Selye's original findings were accidental. Fortunately, he had the background and the mental brilliance to recognize the importance of what he did find. Attempting to discover the physiological changes produced in rats by hormone injections, Selye was injecting them with extracts prepared by himself. It was, he felt, a routine task. The animals died so quickly, however, that Selye suspected his purifying processes were at fault. To check this he did autopsies on the rats. Examining their endocrine glands he found that in every rat the yellow adrenal glands had turned dark brown and were swollen three times their normal size; the thymus, which is lymphatic tissue between the lungs, was wasted away; the stomach lining was ulcerated.

This phenomenon interested him. He wondered what would happen if, instead of hormone extracts, he gave the rats lethal doses of poisons. To find out he injected some rats with morphine, atropine, formalin and other poisons. He expected to find physiological changes characteristic of each poison. Instead he found precisely the same result as when the glandular extracts had killed the rats.

#### Even Rats Develop Ulcers

Selye realized he was witnessing a general physiological and glandular reaction to attack. The adrenals had apparently swollen trying to produce enough of their hormones to counterbalance the poison. He reasoned that death from anything would produce this result. He then killed a number of rats by running them to death in a machine. Others were subjected to prolonged exhaustive swimming, starvation, heat, cold and terror. The animals upon autopsy always showed the same result: swollen adrenals, withered thymus, ulcerated stomach.

What Selye had discovered was a profound generalization: that when the body is attacked by *anything*, a defensive mechanism is set off to maintain its inner physiological balance. He called the *anything* "stress" and he called the defensive mechanism "an alarm reaction." He published, in *Nature*, a British scientific periodical, a paper reporting his discoveries. Perhaps because of such non-medical terms as "stress" and "alarm reaction,"

## SEASONAL ABERRATION

Hark, the season's coming in

When angelic traits begin,  
Kindness to one's father  
mingles

With the sound of sleigh-bell  
jingles—

Helpfulness is shown the  
mother,

Tolerance, the little brother.  
The motto till the twenty-fifth  
Is, "Kindness to All Kin and  
Kith!"

Strange behavior? There's a  
cause,

*They know who is Santa Claus!*

—Trudi Nelson

medical science paid it even less attention than it did to Sir Alexander Fleming's paper reporting penicillin in 1929—years before its miracles against infectious diseases became known to the public.

Selye nevertheless went on. Obviously, if the body had a defense reaction, one might cut the toll of disease by learning how to aid this natural defense. In a new series of experiments he reduced the stress to below the point where it would kill the animal. These investigations revealed that even though the stress was severe the rat's body adapted itself to it. In short, it learned to live with the stress, producing the abnormal quantities of hormones needed to maintain its inner balance. But further investigation revealed that any new stress—added to the original stress—resulted almost immediately in death. In brief, while the body could adapt to a severe disease, its resistance to any new disease was correspondingly weakened.

From these experiments Selye formulated his now famous General Adaptive Syndrome, commonly referred to in the medical world as G.A.S. (Selye himself sometimes refers to it facetiously as "just GAS," often shocking medical highbrows.) G.A.S. is the three stages the body goes through when attacked by any stress. The first stage is alarm reaction: in it the adrenals puff up, vigorously overproduce their hormones, the thymus wastes, the stomach lining bleeds and ulcers develop. The second stage is adaptive; in it the body learns to live with the stress or disease, the glands seem to return to normal but actually are laboring under the stress. The third stage is exhaustion. Each body seems to possess a certain fixed adaptive capacity or capital on which it can draw. When it is used up death results immediately. In this last stage the glands, which appeared normal in the second stage, again return to the abnormalities of the alarm reaction.

Further experiments by Selye—he used fifteen thousand rats in ten years—demonstrated that the body's defensive system over-reacted to long, continued stress. Ultimately the animal was destroyed by its own defense system because the overproduction of adrenal cortical hormones strained the heart and altered the circulatory system. For example, in one series of experiments the rats were subjected to extreme cold. They soon learned to adapt themselves to it. But after

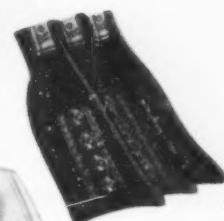
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*Continued from page 38*

three months of it autopsies showed unexpected changes had taken place—the toll of adaptation. Their arteries were enormously thickened; the heart was abnormally large and filled with nodules like those appearing in human rheumatic diseases; the kidneys were hardening, as in nephrosclerosis; and blood pressure had jumped more than fifty percent. Obviously, a long continued stress had produced hypertension and cardiovascular disease—the top killers among humans—in these animals.

These diseases were a result of overadaptation, it seemed to Selye. Confirmation was sought by injecting animals with pure adrenal hormones. This deliberate upsetting of the body's balance with these hormones—if Selye were right—should produce these same diseases. Within three weeks the experimental animals had developed hardening of the arteries and kidney diseases.

#### Our Motorized Age is Stress

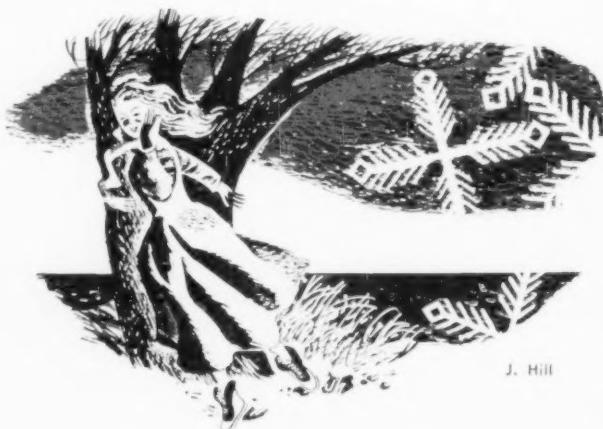
This discovery was of the utmost importance to medicine. It definitely proved that in animals at least, heart, circulatory and kidney diseases are caused by the overproduction of adrenal hormones. In humans this overproduction is caused by the adrenal's response to generalized "stress." Other doctors had already proven that the heart and circulatory diseases which afflict so many Canadians and Americans are the result of the generalized "stress" of our mechanized high-powered civilization. These diseases are unknown among primitive peoples. Dr. William Holden, for example, traveling through the jungles of Brazil, was unable to find high blood pressure or coronary troubles among the natives at any age. Hence, Selye concluded, these were "diseases of adaptation."

created by the stress and strain of our four-motored way of life.

In 1944 Selye reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association that he had been able to produce high blood pressure, rheumatic fever, rheumatoid arthritis, arteriosclerosis, diabetes, and various kidney diseases in rats by giving them a synthetic adrenal cortical hormone, desoxycorticosterone. This was not a natural hormone. At the time there was no proof that it existed in a natural body substance. Some medical critics scoffed and hooted. But in subsequent years chemists in several laboratories have demonstrated that it is present in the adrenals and the critics have been silenced. Meanwhile cortisone has been found to reverse, in dramatic fashion, rheumatoid arthritis and many other of the above diseases. Selye, who had in his paper, five years earlier, established the cause of these diseases of adaptation as being their unbalanced adrenal hormone production, said: "Stress causes the adrenals to produce cortisone and desoxycorticosteronelike compounds as well as other hormones. As long as the balance in production is maintained everything is all right. In these cases too much of the desoxycorticosterone-like substances causes the disease."

One of the most dramatic and significant examples of the disease principles Selye has discovered comes from the New York State Mental Hospital, at Creedmoor, L.I., just outside New York City. There a group of doctors—Arthur, Mortimer and Raymond Sackler and the late Johann H. W. van Ophutzen, world-famous psychoanalyst—were seeking the physiological causes of insanity, particularly schizophrenia. Their experiments revealed that electric shock therapy, which sometimes aids in the recovery from this type of insanity, released histamine, a hormonelike substance, into

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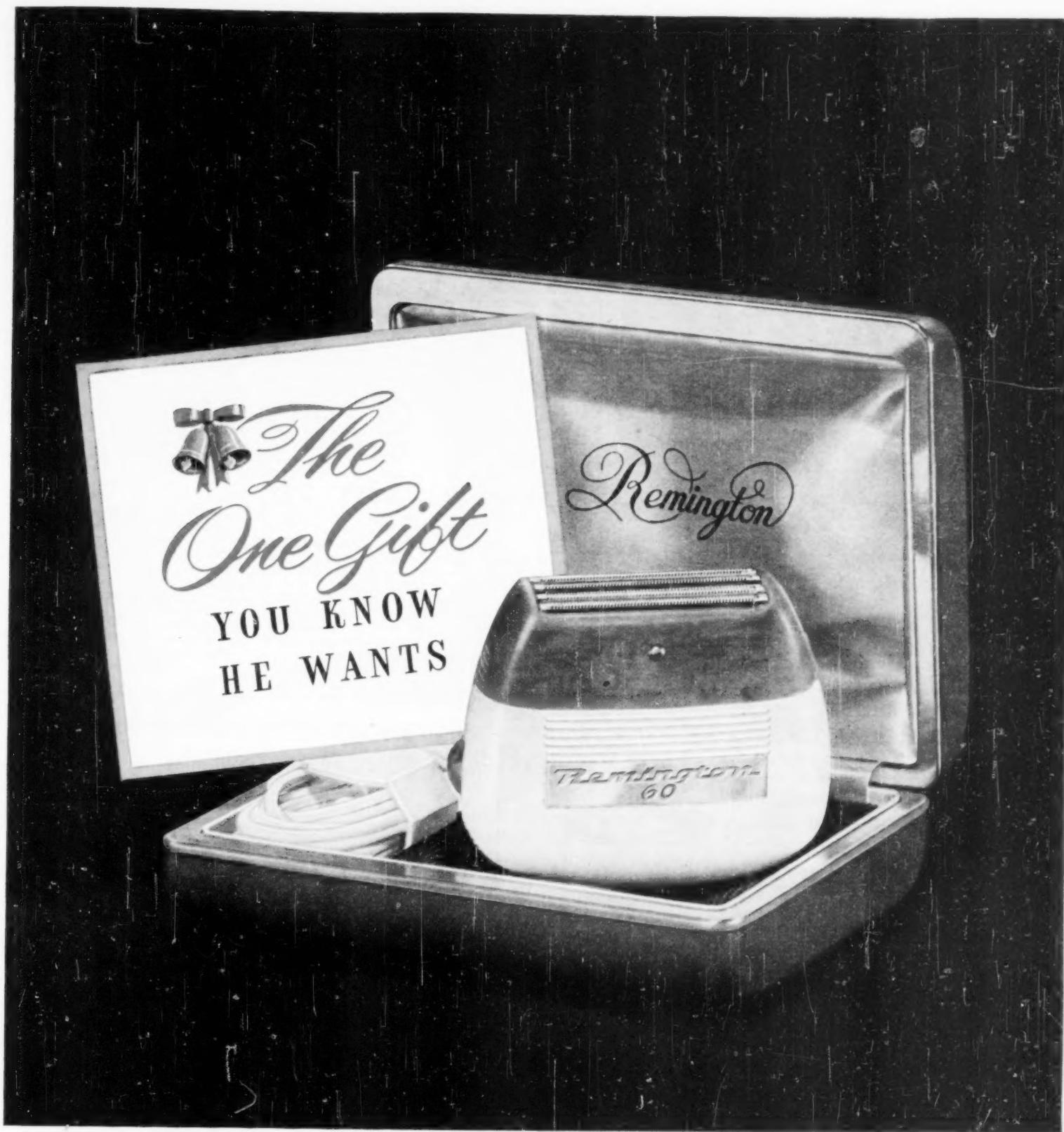


## NOT FOR THE SAKE OF A ROSE

Oh, give me not Winter for sake of a rose  
left blossoming under the whispering snows,  
and give me not Winter for sake of a fruit  
left on the bough, or for sake of a root  
that bursts in the ground when the cold wind blows.

Oh, give me Winter for Winter's sake,  
for the lowered sky and the frozen lake,  
for the driven sleet and the lengthened night  
and give me Winter for the white  
driftwind dance of the snowflake.

—Helen Harrington



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And remember, MobilOil is a heavy duty motor oil with increased detergency—to help keep your motor clean—to protect modern, high-speed, high compression engines, including those with hydraulic valve lifters.

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Sold by IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED  
and leading dealers everywhere

Continued from page 40  
the blood stream of the patient.

Further experiments, based on Selye's concept of stress, convinced them that in the schizophrenic, stress had forced the adrenal glands to overproduce certain of its hormones and the resulting disequilibrium had produced this dread mental disease. This was a radical departure from past investigations; other doctors, noting the schizophrenic's apathetic response to the outside world, believed he suffered from an adrenal deficiency. But both investigations revealed the existence of a glandular imbalance. The histamine released by electric shock apparently restored the glandular balance.

In a new experiment the Creedmoor doctors followed Selye's principle of attacking the underlying glandular imbalance. They injected their schizophrenic patients with histamine. The results were startling—many patients began to get well. Their most recent experiments show that while it is no cure-all for mental diseases, histamine can possibly double the number of schizophrenics who could be released from our overcrowded mental institutions. The Creedmoor group uses histamine injections to maintain the glandular balance in these released patients, with one injection coming every few weeks. As a result of this work, New York state has set up the Creedmoor Institute for Psycho-biologic Studies under Dr. Arthur Sackler's direction, for research on the hormonal causes of insanity.

That Selye has unraveled in G.A.S. a thread linking our worst and most diverse diseases is what has made his work the cornerstone of similar important research projects all over the world. It opens vistas undreamed of

in medicine. Doctors, so long accustomed to compartmentalized medicine, are staggered by the implications. For example, Selye's theory lays down for the first time the foundations of a unified scientific conception of disease. It may come as a distinct shock to laymen to learn that until now doctors, in spite of all their high-powered microscopes, have had no adequate scientific explanation of disease: the central doctrine of modern medicine has been that each specific disease and each organ is vastly different and therefore generalized concepts are impossible.

Selye's work changes all this. He has proven that in response to stress the natural equilibrium of the endocrine system will be disarranged, and that in the process of adaptation we not only become easy victims for germs, but may also fall victim to diseases resulting from the disarrangement, such as arteriosclerosis.

Dr. J. L. S. Browne, a former colleague of Selye's who is still at McGill University, compares this new concept of disease to an iceberg. "Seven eighths of an iceberg is submerged," he points out, "and so is the greater part of the processes of a disease. This invisible area represents the body's basic response to stress of all kinds." In Browne's view various specific diseases such as tuberculosis or arthritis, are peaks atop the iceberg. "Cortisone melts the iceberg so that the symptoms fall below the surface," he says. "But if you stop administering the hormones the iceberg freezes again, and then the tuberculosis symptoms and the arthritic stiffness return. Medical men who recognize the revolutionary and shattering nature of these developments realize that a great adjustment in our

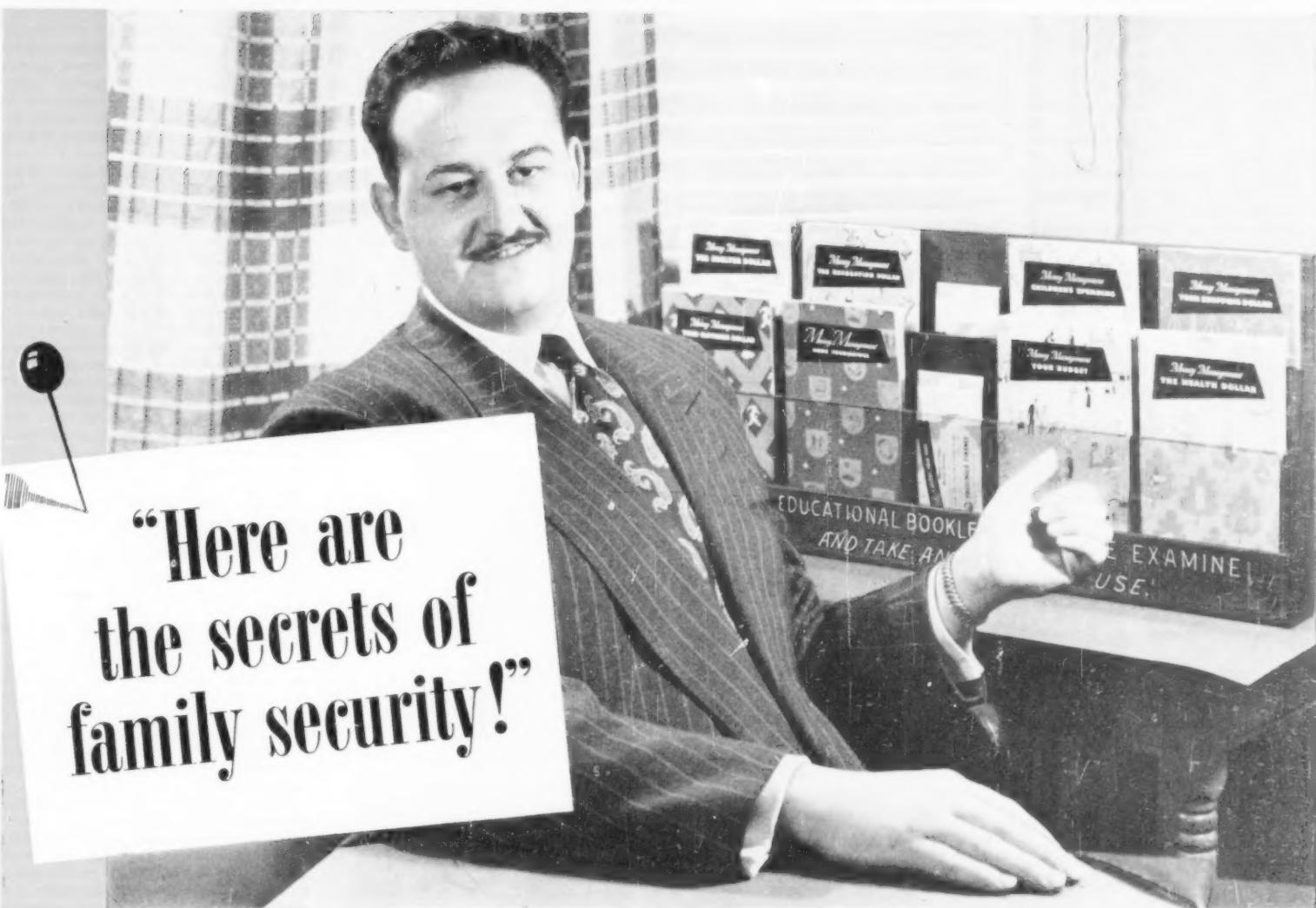
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## SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



MACLEAN'S



Mr. R. L. Charette, manager of the Household Finance branch office at 1401 Royale St., Trois Rivieres

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*Continued from page 42*  
fundamental thinking has to be made."

Selye sums it up this way: "The apparent cause of illness is often an infection, an intoxication, nervous exhaustion, or merely old age, but actually a breakdown of hormonal adaptation mechanism appears to be the most common ultimate cause of death in man."

Obviously, the new battleground in man's long fight against disease lies in the body's hormonal mechanisms. The big problem is to find ways of supplementing faulty hormonal mechanism

and glands, helping them achieve a balanced production.

Much of the work of the Montreal Institute is devoted to experiments with a hormone known as STH, popularly called the growth hormone. It comes from the anterior lobe of the pituitary. Without it neither animals nor men can grow; dwarfs suffer from a deficiency of this hormone and giants from a surplus.

In a recent series of experiments Selye and his co-workers demonstrated how, in animals, STH can be used to give the body resistance to infectious

diseases and to counter the alarming side-effects often produced by ACTH and cortisone. Nearly everyone is aware that the body contains at all times dangerous microbes which, because of the body's defensive balancing system, are harmless. In these experiments Selye knocked this defensive system for a loop by administering walloping doses of cortisone and ACTH. The animals immediately lost weight, developed abscesses of the stomach, kidneys and spleen. But more important: they immediately broke out with all kinds of infectious diseases, includ-

ing TB. Selye called this "the spontaneous infection by microbes which are normally harmless." Then, through injections of STH, Selye demonstrated the development of this "spontaneous infection" could be prevented. The STH raised the body's resistance to infectious microbes, stimulating the invaded organ to produce tissue to isolate the germs.

This was definite laboratory evidence of the prevention of fatal infection. By striking at the disarrangement of the body's hormonal balance rather than at the specific diseases Selye made a step forward that has tremendous implications. It may be the opening laboratory wedge which will ultimately make it possible to overcome and prevent all infectious diseases by administering STH to reinforce the body's natural defenses. It would speed convalescence enormously and might slow down the entire ageing process. In military medicine, where most soldiers die from infection, it might save thousands of lives. That is why STH has become the No. 1 project of the institute.

Selye is, of course, proud of his revolutionary discoveries, but happiest because he feels he has established creative theoretical medicine on a continent where medicine has traditionally scoffed at theory and demanded only facts.

"We need theory just as we need facts," he told me. "Theory must start with facts. It serves to bridge us to more facts, to correlate new facts with old ones. I look upon myself as a mapmaker trying to chart the valley of disease because only with a map can we correlate our facts, assemble our knowledge and exploit it to the fullest advantage."

Selye possesses an impish gleeful sense of humor. He is quite aware of the fact that his work has upset many long-established medical concepts. He shocked some of the pompous, stuffed shirts of medicine by dedicating his learned multi-volumed encyclopedia to his wife, the movie industry, and magazine cartoonists "without whose refreshing influence the boredom of this venture could not have been endured." He got a real laugh out of a Paris newspaper which headlined a story about his work: *LA MALADIE SE MEURT!* (Sickness is Dying!) The uproar the word "stress" still occasionally causes in medical circles no longer worries him. Recently, an indignant British doctor complained bitterly about Selye's term, "Stress," wrote the aroused Englishman, "in addition to being itself and the result of itself, is also the cause of itself." Selye, chuckling, read it to his co-workers and said: "The poor fellow just missed the point completely. The word stress cannot be defined in precise medical terms any better than the word life. Yet who would deny that life exists?"

Selye believes the true nature of disease has only begun to be explored.

"What we need now," he says, pointing to two high revolving bookcases mounted atop his desk, "is machinery to correlate the facts we already know. We need something like those electronic calculators and statistical machines, but so far no machine has been developed because there are too many facts to be considered."

But long before such machinery will be built man could be helped in overcoming his diseases of adaptation through Selye's discoveries. The eradication of many of our worst diseases seems to be within sight. This final victory in man's long battle against disease will bring with it a tremendously increased life expectancy for everyone. ★

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## The Singing Cowboy

Continued from page 25

earning eighteen dollars a week. Carter had given up ranching to get started in the entertainment field, was earning ten dollars a week for a stage show in the Capitol Theatre and eight dollars more for a radio show.

"I was looking for another I'm Headin' for the Last Roundup," recalls Thompson. "This Carter had two that seemed to have it; Dear Old Daddy of Mine and Twilight on the Prairie, and I published them as sheet music and brought Carter back to Toronto with me."

As sheet music the Carter tunes didn't move at all and Carter spent the winter in the home of one of Thompson's employees once earning fifteen dollars singing for a Kiwanis luncheon. He left for the west in disgust via a passing boxcar and got a job trailriding in the Rockies for the CPR.

The CPR's trail rides are fairly famous. Each year a party of about a hundred dudes and six to ten cowboys ride sixty miles into the Rockies, making a circuit that takes about five days. Carter was hired as the entertainment department and was expected to provide western flavor by leading singsongs around the campfire at night. He gave the CPR its money's worth and sang all day, as well, slouching in his saddle and strumming a guitar in the manner familiar to habitués of Saturday matinees.

Wilf rode twenty-five hundred miles in the Rockies, was made official songwriter for Canadian Trailriders and finally an honorary life member. (When he recounts this for his audiences he refers to himself as an "ornery member.") John Murray Gibbon, CPR publicist, hired Carter as entertainer on a cruise ship leaving for the West Indies. Carter left the ranch where he was working for his board that winter with seventy-five dollars and when he boarded the Empress of Britain he was instructed by his employers to use his own money to tip whenever it was required. Carter threw himself into the role of the big-time spender and debarked broke. The CPR paid him fifty dollars, for a net loss to him of twenty-five dollars.

An American millionaire, G. B. Mitchell, had admired Carter's saddle vocals on the trail rides and had urged him to try New York. "I'll put you up at my club there until you get a job," he told Wilf. When Carter got off the ship the spring of 1934 he decided to take Mitchell's offer before boarding another boxcar.

He donned his seventeen-dollar city suit which he was buying on time and set off for Mitchell's club. He discovered it was on Fifth Avenue, with a doorman and rugs spur-high. He used letters of introduction Mitchell had given him to get auditions with NBC and CBS and walked the forty blocks to the studios every day to inquire about the results.

CBS turned him down at first but he stayed in New York while NBC revolved the idea in its mind. When that network also refused him, he called CBS again and was informed that they were considering a cowboy singer after all and were auditioning some more talent. They would let him know by two the next afternoon. At a quarter to two, just as Carter was packing up his clothes, the phone rang and CBS announced he was hired. As soon as he could Carter paid Mitchell back and moved to less austere surroundings.

He opened his daily CBS spot with a cheery: "Good morning folks. Thought I'd drop in for a cup of coffee. If you've

got room for me, slide over." It rapidly drew him more fan mail than any other star on the network, including such notables as Kate Smith and the Deep River Boys. With his new confidence Carter prevailed upon Thompson to stop trying to make a song writer out of him and publish his music as written in folios. He has since earned close to fifteen thousand dollars in royalties from his Thompson publications, more than any other Canadian with the possible exception of Ernest Seitz who wrote The World is Waiting for the Sunrise.

"I started out smoothing down his songs," sighs Thompson. "Where he wrote 'my guitar by my side,' I'd rewrite 'my guitar hangs by my side.' After a while I gave up and now we just publish them."

Publishing Wilf Carter or Montana Slim songs has a hazard all its own because the champion song writer can't read music. "Looks like the tracks of a chicken with dirty feet to me," he says dolefully. His compositions are transferred to paper by his nimble-fingered publishers who take down the notes while he sings. Lately, with

Carter so rushed for time, the music has been written from his records.

Carter had taken a guitar lesson in 1932 in Calgary but his teacher refused to give him a second one. "You're too dumb," he told him. "Go back to the ranch." Carter continued to practice and eventually developed a rumbling rhythm like the gait of a horse. It has been said that he uses only two chords but authorities like Dr. Leslie Bell, conductor of the Bell Singers, insist that he has three.

He has been making RCA Victor Bluebird records for nineteen years

### Sing Heigh-ho! for this sumptuous

## MAGIC FRUIT PUDDING



HERE'S the fruitiest fruit pudding . . . and the most delectable texture and taste that ever tempted a sweet tooth! It's Magic's modern version of a marvellous old recipe—and the result is right out of Dickens!

Hurry and get those fine, fresh ingredients from your grocer's new stocks! You know how good your pudding's going to be, for you choose everything yourself! And Magic rewards you with that wonderful light texture . . . brings out the spicy-rich goodness of each ingredient. At less than 16¢ per average baking, dependable Magic protects results whenever you bake!

### MAGIC FRUIT PUDDING

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1½ c. seedless raisins                 | 1¼ c. lightly-packed brown sugar |
| 1 c. currants                          | 1 c. cut-up seeded raisins       |
| 1 c. cut-up mixed candied              | 1½ c. shredded raw apple         |
| peels and citron                       | 1 c. shredded raw carrot         |
| ½ c. almonds, blanched and halved      | 3 eggs, well beaten              |
| 1½ c. once-sifted pastry flour         | ¾ c. cold coffee                 |
| or 1½ c. once-sifted all-purpose flour |                                  |
| 3 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder           |                                  |
| 1 tsp. salt                            |                                  |
| 1 tsp. ground cinnamon                 |                                  |
| ½ tsp. ground ginger                   |                                  |
| ½ tsp. grated nutmeg                   |                                  |
| ¼ tsp. ground cloves                   |                                  |
| 1 c. chopped suet                      |                                  |
| 1 c. coarse soft bread crumbs          |                                  |
- Wash and dry seedless raisins and currants; add seeded raisins, peels, citron and almonds. Mix and sift 3 times. Bout: Magic Baking Powder, salt and spices; add fruits and nuts, a few at a time; mix well; mix in suet, bread crumbs, sugar, apple and carrot. Combine eggs and coffee; add to pudding and mix thoroughly. Three-quarters fill greased large pudding mould with batter; cover with wet cookery parchment or with greased heavy paper; tie down. Steam, closely covered, for 4 hours. Uncover pudding until cold, then wrap closely and store 2 or 3 weeks. To re-heat pudding, steam 1½ hours. Serve with hard sauce or any other suitable sauce. Yield: 10 servings.

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and started off by singing Swiss Moonlight Lullaby and The Capture of Albert Johnson for an audition. The engineer made a master record of the audition and RCA Victor is still selling copies. Since then there has been no nonsense about rehearsing or special arrangements. One afternoon Carter strolled into the studio to make two records, made forty while he was at it.

"I can't keep his records in stock," complains Fred Roden, proprietor of Roden's Record Corral in Toronto which has a stock of forty-seven thousand cowboy and hillbilly records. "People break one they've had fifteen years and they want to replace it. Wilf made Tennessee Waltz three years ago and we sell more of his record than we do of Patti Page's."

Now rated the most popular cowboy in Canada and Australia, Carter has just been informed that a publisher in Paris wants to bring out his songs in French. When Thompson went to England last year with his catalogue of music-lesson books he discovered his most saleable commodity was Wilf Carter.

Carter is fifty now and his hair is incredibly brown and combed across the top of his forehead. He's a big homely soft-eyed man with a wistful gentle expression that would never get him elected sheriff of Dry Gulch. Even if he mastered the steely-eyed gaze he'd never get the job—he never wears a gun.

"Real cowboys don't wear guns," he tells youngsters who are horrified at this omission. "I punched cattle for seven years and never saw a cowboy with a gun, except maybe a rifle in a saddle holster." Carter is disgusted with movie cowboys who stride the prairies with young cannons in their holsters. "They're makin' the kids trigger-happy," he complains.

The singing-cowboy profession is getting so crowded that Carter is hard put to dress himself so he doesn't look like the rest. He succeeds by designing his clothes himself. He then has them made up for him in New York for a hundred and fifty dollars. They run to dark colors like blue, wine and black, with white appliqués of longhorn steers or saddles.

A quality that does make him stand out among other performers, indeed among other human beings, is that he just loves to pay taxes. He finds it hard to believe that some American show people leave Canada without paying the five percent tax required of them. Carter leans so far the other way that when a border official wasn't sure whether he should pay a tax on his car or not Carter promptly ended his problem by paying. "The country needs the money," he told the dumb-founded official. Another time, during the war, he read that Canada was building a new bomber and immediately mailed the Defense Department a cheque for five hundred dollars.

Carter is frank about his performances. Describing his record-breaking appearance at the CNE Band Shell he later said: "Well, I started out, bang, Love Knot in M' Lariat. Just hit 'er first thing and then I said to the folks: 'I'm gonna sing the songs I love and I hope you'll love 'em too.' And then, bang, I hit I Miss My Swiss, and that keeled them over. Then I gave 'em My Wife is on a Diet and that really opened 'em up. I got the purtiest echo yodel you ever heard."

Carter emerged on stage at the CNE chewing gum and in midsong he stopped and parked his gum on the top of the microphone. "I'm of Scotch descent," he explained. Later he told a fellow performer that he had been doing that trick for years. "It just kills 'em," Carter said with a soft smile. It does too.

## A POET PERPLEXED



### DON'T IT BOTHER YOU?

I have often wondered why little babies always cry.  
We have a baby here with us,  
Who's always making such a fuss.

He screams and howls and kicks his feet;  
I wish he lived across the street.

—L. G. MENDERSHAUSEN, JR.

"He's got a talent for people," says one authority on cowboy songs. This must be it, because even members of the Wilf Carter Fan Club, like Mrs. Enid Bradley, of Oshawa, admit that he isn't handsome or the world's greatest singer. Carter has a faculty, shared by few entertainers, of making the audience feel he is sincerely delighted with them. The bulk of his following is middle-aged people who are sentimental, or unsure, or lonely. He has a way of expressing his feeling for them.

"I don't want to get to the top of the ladder," he tells nearly every audience he faces, "because you get hurt that way when you fall off. All I want to be is one rung up so I can look around and shake hands with all you people out there." His title of the World's Friendliest Cowboy is self-bestowed, but his admirers feel he has earned it.

Although he is still a Canadian citizen, Carter lives near Clinton, N.J., in a ten-room stone house with five bathrooms, on a farm of two hundred acres. He also owns a ranch worth forty-five thousand dollars near Cartairs, Alta. In a motor accident near his ranch ten years ago a woman driver sideswiped him and broke his back. He was five years recovering.

Today his wife, Bobbie, a former nurse, and his two daughters accompany him on most of his tours. They sing and dance on stage with him.

Of all the disappointments the lanky Carter has had, few have matched his recent experience with what he considers his home town, Calgary. A Calgarian interested in his city's annual Stampede saw people lined up two blocks in Vancouver to see Carter. "You gotta see this guy," he told his colleagues. "He's just terrific."

Carter was contacted in New Jersey and asked his fee for appearance at the Stampede. He figured his expenses driving six thousand miles and staying in a hotel, his tax to the Canadian government and a bit of a profit and decided that five hundred dollars would do it. (Carter charged Winnipeg six hundred dollars for one appearance, took home only two hundred dollars after expenses.)

"Five hundred!" yelped the Stampede director. "For a home-town boy! Are you crazy?"

Wilf Carter never did appear in Calgary. ★

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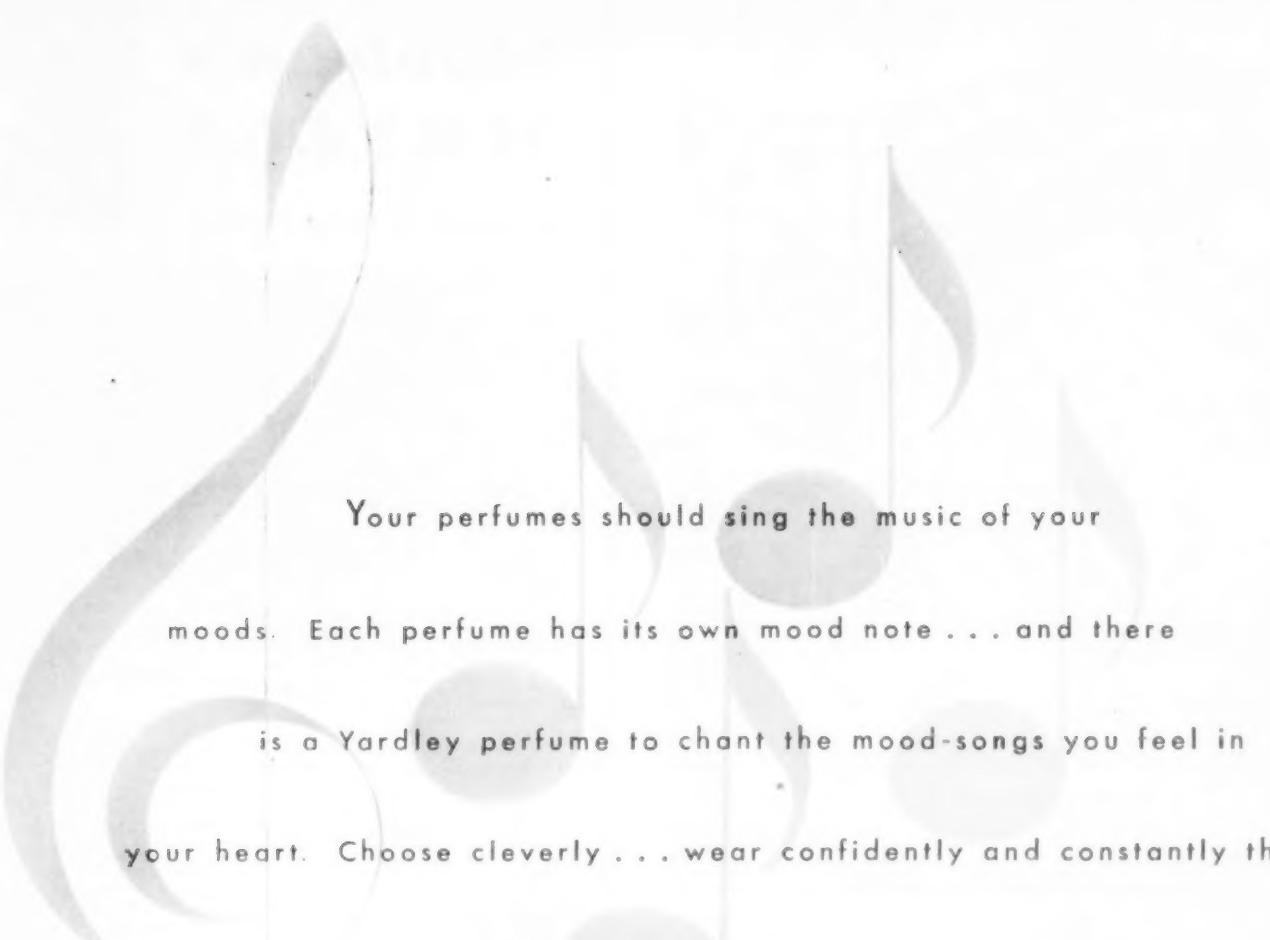
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#### FROSTY FRUIT LOAF

Makes 3 Loaves

Measure into large bowl

2/3 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar  
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's  
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
In the meantime, scald

2/3 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1-1/4 teaspoons salt

6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in

3 well-beaten eggs

Stir in

3 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; stir in

3 cups mixture of washed and dried seedless raisins, quartered candied cherries and slivered mixed candied peels

Work in

3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set

dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 3 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Shape into loaves; place in well-greased bread pans (4½" x 8½", top inside measure and 2¾" deep). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 45-50 minutes. Cool and ice with Plain Icing.

#### PLAIN ICING

Combine 1/2 cup sifted icing sugar  
2 teaspoons milk  
1/8 teaspoon vanilla  
and beat until smooth.



## Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



**AN AMERICAN IN PARIS:** A topnotch Hollywood musical, bubbling over with good Gershwin tunes. Most of its hilarity, too, is quite infectious. A charming mademoiselle named Leslie Caron joins forces with dancer-choreographer Gene Kelly in an admirable but not arty ballet, with Oscar Levant as a sourly amusing heckler in the wings.

**BRIGHT VICTORY:** A sightless ex GI slowly finds security and understanding. Arthur Kennedy does a fine job in the main role, and the story is a compelling one in spite of a couple of narrative threads which seem a bit synthetic against the honest fabric of the main drama.

**THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL:** The best yet in the science fiction cycle. It's about a soft-spoken visitor from Outer Space (Michael Rennie) who brings a warning to the Earth from the interplanetary police force.

**THE DESERT FOX:** Hollywood, which a few years ago portrayed the Germans as hellions, now turns up with a glowing tribute to the late Field-Marshal Rommel, with James Mason in the title role. The result contains some memorable moments, but the story is weak in unity and coherence.

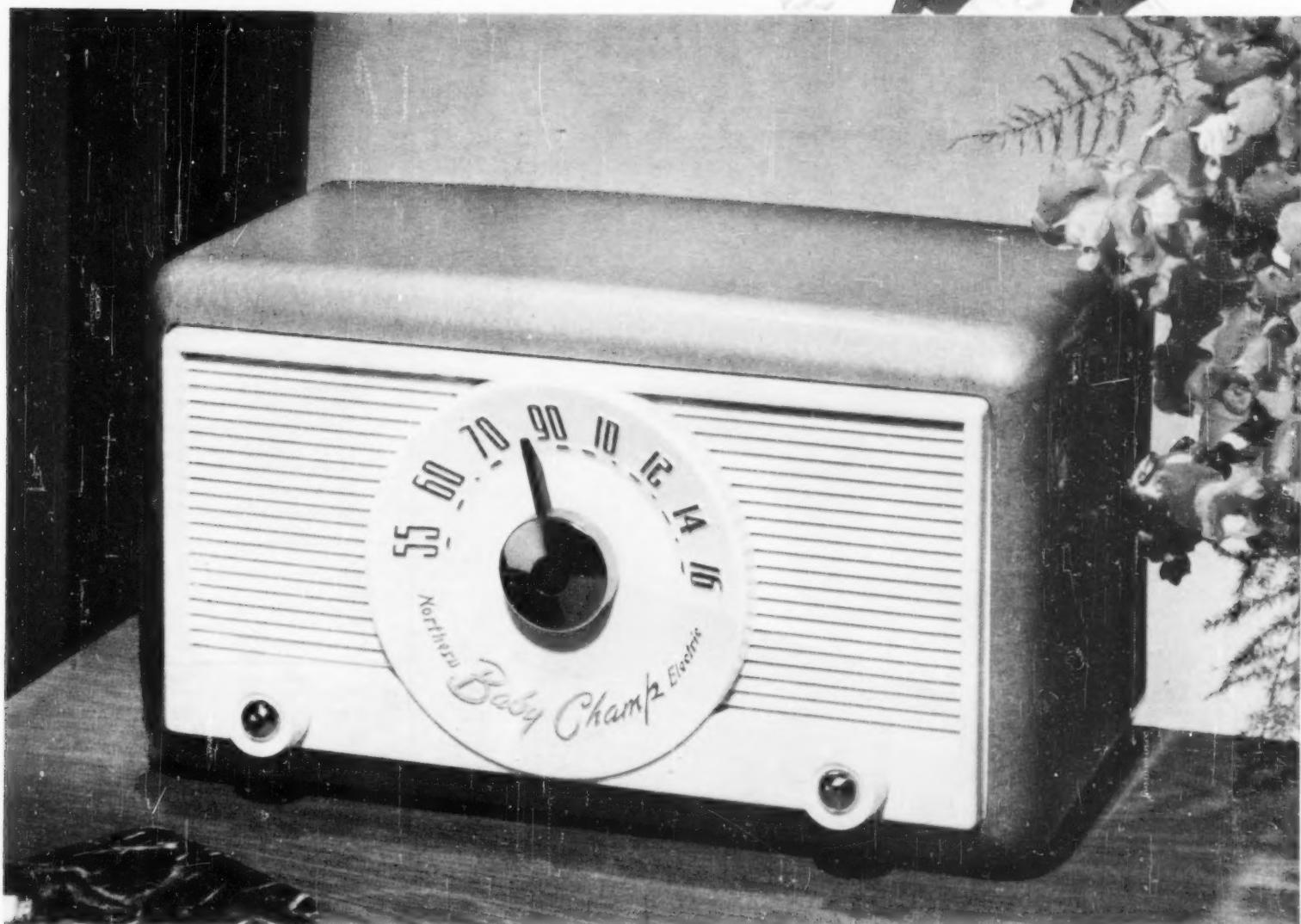
**DETECTIVE STORY:** A graphic police-station melodrama about an obsessed sleuth (Kirk Douglas) who throws away his wife and his life because he has no human forgiveness. Director William Wyler's mobile cameras and a fascinating parade of minor characters help to make this one far from dull, although the hero-heel's emoting is sometimes a little overwrought.

**FORCE OF ARMS:** A decently done story of love and battle in the Italian campaign, with good performances by William Holden and Nancy Olson as a pair of army types whose honest cynicism gradually yields to the tender passion.

#### GILMOUR RATES

Bitter Rice: Sex melodrama. Fair.	Night Without Stars: Melodrama. Poor.
Browning Version: Drama. Excellent.	No Highway in the Sky: Drama. Good.
Captain Horatio Hornblower: Adventures afloat & ashore. Good.	On Moonlight Bay: Musical. Fair.
Cattle Drive: Quiet western. Good.	Peking Express: Melodrama. Fair.
David & Bathsheba: Epic romance. Fair.	A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.
Fabiola: "Epic" melodrama. Fair.	The Prowlers: Adult drama. Excellent.
Flying Leathernecks: War. Fair.	Raging Tide: Crime drama. Fair.
Fourteen Hours: Suspense. Excellent.	Rowhide: Suspense western. Good.
The Frogmen: Undersea war. Good.	Rhubarb: Cat & baseball farce. Fair.
Go for Broke: War. Excellent.	Rich, Young & Pretty: Musical. Fair.
The Great Caruso: Musical. Good.	Sante Fe: Railroad western. Good.
Happy Go Lovely: Musical. Fair.	Sealed Cargo: Naval espionage. Fair.
Hard, Fast & Beautiful: Drama. Poor.	The Second Woman: Mystery. Fair.
Here Comes the Groom: Comedy. Good.	Secret of Convict Lake: Drama. Fair.
Iron Man: Boxing drama. Fair.	7 Days to Noon: Atom drama. Good.
Kind Lady: Melodrama. Good.	Show Boat: Musical. Good.
Kon-Tiki: True sea adventure. Good.	Sirocco: Bogart drama. Fair.
Laughter in Paradise: Comedy. Fair.	Strange Door: Melodrama. Poor.
Lavender Hill Mob: Comedy. Excellent.	Strangers on a Train: Suspense with comedy. Excellent.
Law and the Lady: Comedy. Poor.	Strictly Dishonorable: Comedy. Fair.
Meet Me After the Show: Betty Grable musical comedy. Good.	Tall Target: Suspense drama. Fair.
Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell: Light comedy. Fair.	Teresa: Drama. Excellent.
Nature's Half Acre: Disney wildlife short. Tops.	That's My Boy: Comedy. Fair.
Night into Morning: Drama. Fair.	The Thing: Space monster. Good.
Vendetta: Melodrama. Poor.	This is Korea: Documentary. Fair.
Warpath: Western. Fair.	Thunder on the Hill: Mystery. Fair.
White Corridors: Hospital drama. Fair.	

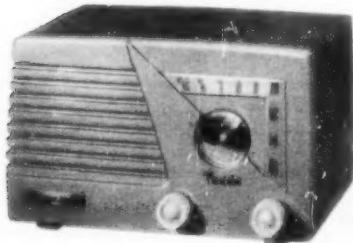
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THE NAME TO REMEMBER FOR ALL

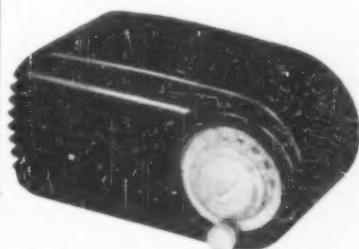


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## The Man Who Didn't Need Sleep

*Continued from page 17*  
her typewriter resumed its rhythmic beat.

Mr. Buckthorne's office had been newly redecorated in the modern manner. Lin's tastes were traditional. He particularly loathed a foot-high mahogany figurine on the desk. It was supposed to be the Dove of Peace, but it seemed to Lin that any living fowl having this grotesque angularity would surely lay square eggs and hate the world. Its square wings were folded in a half Nelson and its square bill was open. Apparently it was cooing, but to Lin it looked as though it had just choked on a square grain of wheat.

He sat down, yawning. He was scared stiff of the boss, and everybody knew it. He fidgeted. The silence of the room was oppressive. Whenever he looked up, there was that square pigeon, choking and cooing soundlessly.

"Ah, shut up!" he said.

A voice bellowed, "What's that, Wilk? You weren't to come back until we had our Shookey bid ready. Why do you think I send work home with you, anyway?"

Mr. Buckthorne strode in, a huge, red-faced, Perfecto-munching basso in rumpled seersuckers. He flung himself into his chair. Lin opened his brief case and took out a thick sheaf of papers, stifling another yawn.

"It's ready, sir," he said. "Our bid will be three million, one hundred and sixty-seven thousand, nine hundred dollars. But watch out for those new roof trusses in the millroom. They're tricky."

Mr. Buckthorne took the papers. He thumbed through them, shaking his head.

"You couldn't!" he said.

"Well," said Lin, "I've been having a little touch of insomnia lately."

Mr. Buckthorne handed back the file. "I still say you couldn't," he barked, "but have Olive get the comp section busy on your figures. If they check out you've set some kind of a record, Wilk."

There was a look almost like respect in his eye. Lin took the file and withdrew hurriedly.

All day the calculating machines clacked away. One by one the girls took their tapes into Mr. Buckthorne's office. Quitting time came, and they worked on. A single error would have brought the boss out roaring, so Lin knew his neat pencil figures had met the test of the machine. It was long after dark when he heard Mr. Buckthorne leave.

**L**IN, MAY I talk to you a minute?" He jumped. Olive Consola was standing beside his desk. The wall clock said ten. The last calculator had stopped clacking, and the last girl had put on fresh lipstick and gone home to rub it off again.

They were alone in the office—a terrifying thought. Two scrub ladies sniffed disapproval from the open hall door, but they didn't count.

"Of course, Olive," he said shakily.

She had the bulky Shookey file in her hands. She looked slightly dazed as she sat down.

"These figures, Lin—"

"What's wrong with them?"

"Nothing!" she said, a trifle wildly. "Mr. Buckthorne can't believe it and neither can I."

Lin squirmed. "Well, you know how it is when you can't sleep. In the still of the night your mind becomes clear. Extraordinary concentration becomes possible."

She frowned sternly. "Lin, how long since you've slept?"

"Oh, quite a while." She still

frowned, so he went on. "Oh, about a week, I guess. Maybe ten days. Maybe more."

"Oh, you poor boy!"

She seized his hand. No telling what rash thing he might have done had not the two scrub ladies come into the room. He withdrew his hand hurriedly and put it behind him.

"It's just tension, I guess. I—I don't seem to be getting ahead, Olive." His melancholy thickened, and he felt more than ever like Hamlet.

"There must be something wrong with you," she said. "I know! I'll take you to see Dr. Jenison."

Lin had seen Dr. Jenison in the office, calling to take Olive to dinner, to lunch—anywhere he could take her. The doctor was a large, handsome, vigorous, self-assured man—all the things that Lin Wilk wasn't.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to bother him," Lin said.

"Nonsense! We'll go see him tomorrow afternoon. Now take me home and then try to get a good night's sleep."

She probably did not realize that no man could sleep after taking her home. Saying good night, Lin held her hand rather longer than was necessary. Afterward, pacing his room through the long night, he wondered if he should have kissed her. He had kissed one or two girls, always at the wrong time. But when he did not kiss them, it was the wrong time for that, too.

He knew there was no escape from his appointment with Dr. Jenison and there wasn't. Olive arranged for them both to take the afternoon off. She took him to the doctor's office, just down the street, and waited in the reception room while Lin haltingly told his story.

"No man," the doctor announced at the end, "can go that long without sleep."

"I did," Lin said.  
"You didn't. Take off your shirt. I'm going to get to the bottom of this. I'm tired of you fellows taking up a man's time with your imaginary complaints."

Lin had never imagined that the human body was susceptible to so many analyses. He hopped on one foot, breathed into a machine, swallowed chemicals, and yielded up reluctant drops of blood from finger tips and earlobes. The afternoon wore on. Dr. Jenison got a thoughtful look and began muttering, "H'm, h'm." By the time he said, "You may get dressed now," Lin was sure he was the victim of some bizarre creeping disease.

He buttoned the last button and came out into the reception room in time to hear Dr. Jenison's booming voice say, "Your friend is abnormal. Olive."

"What?" Lin cried.  
The doctor looked queer as he turned around. For once his magnificent poise was shaken.

"You say your mind works better when you can't sleep?"

"Yes," said Lin. "I'm unusually alert lately. In fact, I can't get work enough to occupy me. In addition to doing the Shookey job I've memorized Genesis and ten pages of logarithms. Would you like to hear them?"

"No," said the doctor. "This is the most amazing thing I ever saw. The need for sleep varies with different people. Some require eight or ten hours nightly, others only a few."

"My tests indicate that your glands are about ten times as efficient as normal ones. Likewise your metabolism and your tissue-replacement rate. Somehow, incredible as it may seem, you seem to have reached a stage where



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your body requires no sleep at all, ever."

"You mean I'll never sleep again?" Lin shrieked.

"Apparently so," the doctor said hollowly.

Olive cried, "Don't you see, Lin? You're a kind of a superior being! You'll live ten lifetimes while we're living one. Think of all the hours we waste in sleep! But while we're inert and useless, your mind will be racing along at breakneck speed, lucidly and efficiently doing the work of ten normal men. Think what it means, Lin!"

The abyss yawned at his feet.

"But that's awful!" he exclaimed. "What happens when I know the last logarithm by heart, as well as Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy? Think what I might do, in the long lonely hours of the night! Why, I might become dictator of the world, out of sheer boredom."

Olive jumped to her feet, in the grip of that evangelistic altruism which seizes a woman when she sees a chance to redeem some man from the liquor habit, or bachelorhood, or the vanity of dictatorship, or any of the other futile vices.

"You mustn't! You must do only worth-while things with your power. Oh, let me help you!"

"Would you?" he cried.

She swayed toward him. Dr. Jenison's voice brought them back to earth just in time.

"This has taken up most of my afternoon," he said crossly. "I'm going to have to charge you a hundred dollars, Mr. Wilk."

"But Alvin, that's as much as he makes in a week," said Olive, in dismay.

Lin snapped his fingers in Alvin's

face. A sense of overwhelming power surged through him.

"Not any more!" he said. "Send me a bill, doctor. Come, Olive. We have a lot to talk about."

He walked home with her and neither noticed the distance, so intoxicated were they by the vistas of accomplishment newly opened to him. He thought with disdain of those terrifying girls in the stenographic pool, with the mocking smiles on their red young lips.

"The first thing I'm going to do," he said recklessly, "is demand a private secretary. Pam Barrett, for instance."

"Pam?" said Olive. "Really, I don't think she could be spared. Anyway, her spelling isn't very good."

"Who cares?" said Lin. "Then I'm going to make Mr. Buckthorne send me out on the job somewhere."

"Well, if you really want to," said Olive. "But we'd better not say anything to him about your—your abnormality."

THE showdown came sooner than they expected. Mr. Buckthorne called Lin into his office early the next morning. On his desk was a bulky sheaf of blueprints.

"Here's the call for bids on the city incinerator," he said. "When can you have an estimate ready?"

Lin ruffled the blueprints nonchalantly. "Oh, about seven-thirty tomorrow morning."

Mr. Buckthorne stared at Lin, as though half sensing the vast transformation that had come over the office drudge.

"No man," he snapped, "can do it that quickly."

"I can."

"What's come over you, Wilk?" Mr. Buckthorne pleaded. "I just saw the Shokey figures. Your estimate checks. This is almost . . . supernatural."

"Quite," said Lin, coolly. "By the way, after I get this bid figured I'd like to spend a few months in the field. That Panama job, for instance."

Mr. Buckthorne gurgled. "If you can get that incinerator estimate in here tomorrow morning," he finally got out, "you can leave for Panama tomorrow night . . . only you can't."

"I can," said Lin.

"What's got into you, Wilk? You were always such a nasty little whimpering thing, you used to make me sick!"

"I made myself sick, too," said Lin.

He went out, and in Olive's office remembered something. He stuck his head in the door again. Behind his mahogany pigeon Mr. Buckthorne jumped slightly.

"Another thing. I think I should go on a monthly basis, don't you? Say, about fifteen hundred dollars."

"I'll tell Miss Consola to put it through," Mr. Buckthorne mumbled. His cigar trembled between his teeth.

Lin closed the door. He was seeing himself suddenly in high boots, plaid shirt, and a week's growth of beard, walking a teetering beam and pointing with the stem of a stubby pipe to where he wanted something placed. No more pencil-pushing! No more frayed white collars! He seized Olive's hands.

"I win! I leave for Panama tomorrow night."

"But Lin, you can't even speak Spanish!" she wailed.

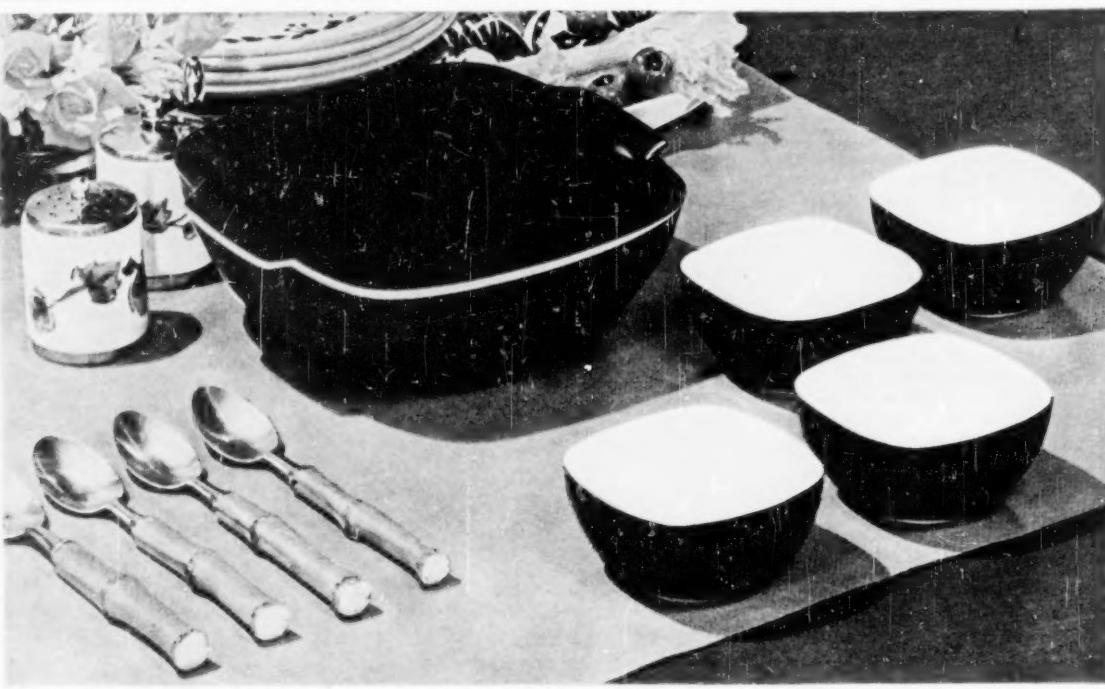
"I will by tomorrow," he said confidently.

She withdrew her hands as Pam Barrett came in with the morning mail.

"Hi, Mr. Wilk," Pam said.

"Hi, cutie," said Lin. "New dress?"

She winked at him. "Just an old rag, and cutie yourself," she said, going out.



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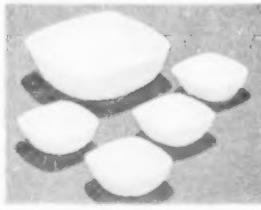
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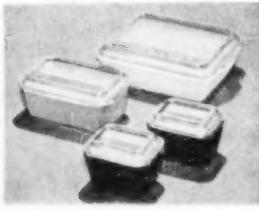
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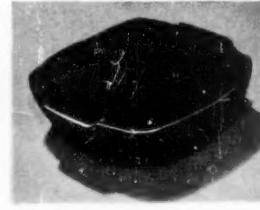
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Olive looked thoughtfully out of the window.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea, Lin," she said. "Going to Panama, I mean. What's going to happen down there if your perpetual-motion mind runs out of work?"

"Oh, don't worry about that," he said blithely.

"But I do worry, Lin. I can't help it. You said you were going to let me help you. How can I, with you down there and me up here?"

"That's right, how can you?" He fought against the coils he felt tightening around him. In his mind the man in the plaid shirt almost fell off the beam. "But all my life I've wanted to run a job! I can't give up this chance."

Olive absently tore a page out of her dictionary—sonneteer to sorcine—and folded it into squares.

"I suppose not," she said, in a low voice. "But Panama's such a small defenseless country! It isn't fair. Of course, I could go with you—"

"But you couldn't!" he said, deeply shocked.

"I suppose not," she murmured.

"Unless—" His heart leaped. "Unless we were married. Oh, Olive, would you go that far?"

Her lashes fluttered. "How far?"

"Marry me?"

"If you really want me," she whispered. "But we'd have to be married, tomorrow, if we're leaving tomorrow night. I'll have to shop for a few things. And I suppose we'll want to keep my apartment, so we'll have a home to come back to. It's all so—so sudden, Lin. It takes my breath away!"

"Mine, too." He stared at her blissfully. How had he ever gotten up the nerve? He was actually engaged to Olive! They were actually flying to Panama together! They would actually have a heavenly tropical honeymoon, with him doing the work he loved, and Olive at his side to keep him out of mischief.

"I've always liked you," she was saying. "You've always been so decent and good. I hope you never change."

"I won't. Oh, Olive!"

"Oh, Lin!" After a moment she pushed him away and gave him a tissue and he wiped off the lipstick.

"Now, take your blueprints and go home," she said firmly. "You'd better let me break the news to Mr. Buckthorne. We'll get the license tomorrow afternoon and be married tomorrow evening. The gang will want to give us a present, of course."

"An electric toaster," said Lin ecstatically.

He had chipped in for dozens of electric toasters. The head bookkeeper bought them at a discount from the jobber on the eleventh floor. Someone was always getting married in a big office. Somehow it was never quite legal, until the head bookkeeper's little manila envelope had done the rounds of the office.

He walked home, carrying the blueprints. As he turned the first corner, he patted the firm granite shoulder of the towering First National Bank affectionately.

"I could own you in a few weeks, if I set my mind to it," he said.

A newspaper headline caught his eye. The State Department had sent off another angry note, without waiting for an answer to the last one. What could a man like himself do as secretary of state? He laughed grimly. All the diplomats who could crowd around a horseshoe table couldn't stand up to him in one of those fateful marathon conferences.

"That reminds me," he said to himself. "Spanish."

He stopped in at a store, bought a Spanish text, and went home. In his exhilarated state the incinerator was quickly disposed of, and he spent the rest of the night mastering Spanish. He was not sure of his pronunciation in some cases, but by eight o'clock in the morning he could read and write it fluently. To prove it, he bought a Cuban newspaper and read it on the bus on his way to work. Even the descriptions of the women's gowns in the society section were clear to him, which was more than he could say for his own language.

WHEN he got to the office he found that Olive had gone shopping, and Pam Barrett was already ensconced in her place. Even the old married men thumped Lin's back and called him a lucky stiff. Lin swam in a sea of happiness.

This time it was Pam who put the comp section to work, checking Lin's figures. All day the calculating machines clacked busily. One by one the girls took their tapes into Mr. Buckthorne's office. Long before noon Lin knew he had won the Panama job. Not a sound from Mr. Buckthorne.

Lin was cleaning out his desk in the estimating department when he heard Olive's voice in the hall. His heart leaped. Then it fell sickeningly as he heard another, deeper voice pleading passionately. His brave new world tottered.

Alvin!

He had forgotten all about Olive's earlier lover. He rushed out into the hall, flaming with jealousy. What were all his triumphs without Olive?

Dr. Jenison had her cornered in the lobby and was talking earnestly. Olive's arms were full of packages and her face

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was full of doubt. The doctor was a convincing man and there was no questioning his sincerity.

"You can't, dear," he was saying. "The man's a monster, a freak, as much so as if he had two heads, or two left feet. Think of your future with this madman! Think of your children."

"Olive!" Lin said. "Don't listen to him."

"Now's the time to listen," said the doctor.

She wavered between them.

Then Pam Barrett came out of the office and smiled at Lin.

"Hi, cutie," she said.

She disappeared around the corner, and Olive pushed the doctor gently aside with a hatbox.

"Please, Alvin," she said. "Lin and I have to go get our license. I didn't think you'd be such a bad sport."

The doctor sighed. He turned and offered Lin his hand. "Well, good luck, then," he said. "I wish you happiness, but if I ever hear of you abusing this girl I'll kill you if I have to go to Panama to do it."

"Thanks, old man," Lin said feelingly. "I hope you do."

Mr. Buckthorne called them into his office that afternoon, after they returned with their license. He was a changed man, gentle of voice and strangely respectful.

"The incinerator checks out," he said. "I'm filing the bid and you start for Panama tonight. The kids in the office have bought you a little gift—a toaster, I believe . . ."

"Oh, they shouldn't have!" Lin said hypocritically.

"I'd like to give you something you can take to Panama with you," Mr. Buckthorne went on. "Can you think of something you'd like?"

"If you don't mind too awfully," said Olive, "we'd love that dove figurine on your desk. It's been our good-luck charm, and it will remind us of home while we're down there. And it will be lovely for our mantel when we get back. We're going to have all modern things, you know."

This was news to Lin, but he nodded loyally. If she liked square pigeons it was all right with him.

Mr. Buckthorne handed it over rather too quickly, as though he might be giving them the bird.

"It's yours," he said. "Your plane leaves at eight o'clock. I've got you a compartment all the way through to Panama. Straighten that job out down there, Wilk. You've got a great future with us, now that you've come alive."

Then for an instant he was his old terrible self. His face reddened. His cigar shot up to a forty-five degree angle. He hit the desk a mighty blow with his fist.

"But I still wish I knew what came over you!" he roared.

Lin smiled thinly. "I'll bet you do," he said.

He still had to get his own things together. He went home and packed them, bachelor-style, for the last time, throwing things in any old way, right where he could lay his hands on them. After this, whatever he wanted would always be in the other bag. Suitcases in hand, he looked around the room for the last time, without regret.

This was the chrysalis of the office drudge, the shy man who thought he suffered from insomnia. From it had emerged the victorious locust who was just now spreading his wings for Panama. And that was only a start. There was no telling where a man like himself might end.

"Quién sabe!" he sighed. "Es muy increíble!"

AN HOUR later he was standing with Olive Consola before an



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altar. A stranger in a white surplice was making them man and wife. Lin's high ecstasy changed key. It became for the moment a sort of reverential humbleness. Superior being or no, he did not deserve this beautiful, recklessly romantic creature who was now—even as he had thought—his wife. No man did! His terrible secret power only magnified his responsibility to this sweet girl with the shining hair, the shining eyes.

A good thing she had remembered to buy the ring! All their lives she'd remember things while, like a voracious locust, his own mind endlessly, sleeplessly, soared and devoured. A little fumblingly he slid the ring on her finger. The man in the surplice was smiling. Olive turned to him.

"Oh, Lin!"

She shivered in his arms and he hoped she was not remembering Alvin and his morbid medical warnings.

"Oh, Lin!" she said again.

"My wife!" he whispered, and she grew calm.

Then the hectic race to the airport

—for, of course, they got started late. There the lights, the noise, the planes roaring in and out. The good-byes and greetings all around them. The other bride and groom, who

looked so much like a bride and groom. The smiles at the embarrassed search for tickets, and Olive's piercing, last-minute shriek.

"Oh, Lin, I've got them!

Olive had never flown before. Her eyes were bigger, bluer than ever as the plane took off. She clung to his arm, unwilling to believe that anything as frail as those four thundering motors could get them to Panama. Lin, who had been up once before, knew the feeling. As a matter of fact, he had it himself, right now.

They were air-borne at last. In the privacy of their compartment Olive unpacked their bags. The square-jawed dove came out first. She kissed it and set it up on the window ledge

"Our good-luck charm," she said.

A kind of a holy peace stole over Lin, as he watched her. Humbly, he felt that perhaps he deserved a little of this happiness. All his life he had worked hard, done the right thing. All his life he had been put upon and ignored, and he had never complained. Then things seemed to come to a head, and suddenly his future had a scope and depth and beauty undreamed-of.

He lay back, smiling, and looked out the porthole at the pell-mell sea.

Olive finished unpacking. "Lin, darling," she said.

There was no answer. His head rolled gently with the dip and sway of the plane.

"Lin!" she screamed, in sudden terror.

She shook him, her heart failing. Perhaps these superior beings burned themselves out overnight. Perhaps . . .

The motors droned on, but suddenly louder than this throbbing travel-song was Lin's light snore.

He was not dead, but only asleep! He was not a superior being, after all. He was just a frail human being with insomnia. The tension had snapped. Lin was now catching up on two whole weeks of lost sleep.

She'd be lucky if she got him awake in time to disembark at Panama!

On the window ledge the mahogany dove rocked gently as it cooed its silent, mocking song.

"Ah, shut up!" she said. ★

## London Letter

Continued from page 4

and with an indefensible haste there came the partition of India with the end of British rule. I wonder if the UN realizes that more than two million people were killed in the fighting and massacres that ensued and that the armies of Pakistan and India now face each other across the impossible frontier that has been carved to placate the idealism of America. I do not deny that India was entitled to a move

toward complete freedom; nor do I deny that many Anglo-Indians lorded it over the natives as if they were the rulers of the universe. But if we make that admission it must also be stated that there is no administrative record in all history to equal that of the British in their long years of suzerainty.

After India came Burma, for it was also on the program for the UN. The British Army had fought backward and forward across the soil of Burma and finally driven the enemy out. But after the war a clique of Burmese

politicians raised the cry of "Give us our freedom" and the UN was deeply impressed by the simple justice of their case. There were warning voices from London that the Burmese were not ready for freedom and that opposing factions in the war would have to have a period for adjustment with Britain maintaining order. But to the idealist, especially dealing with other peoples' problems, there are never any difficulties. So the British pulled out. Today Burma is ripening like a plum for the lean fingers of Communism.

Certainly freedom is the right of



# You name it!

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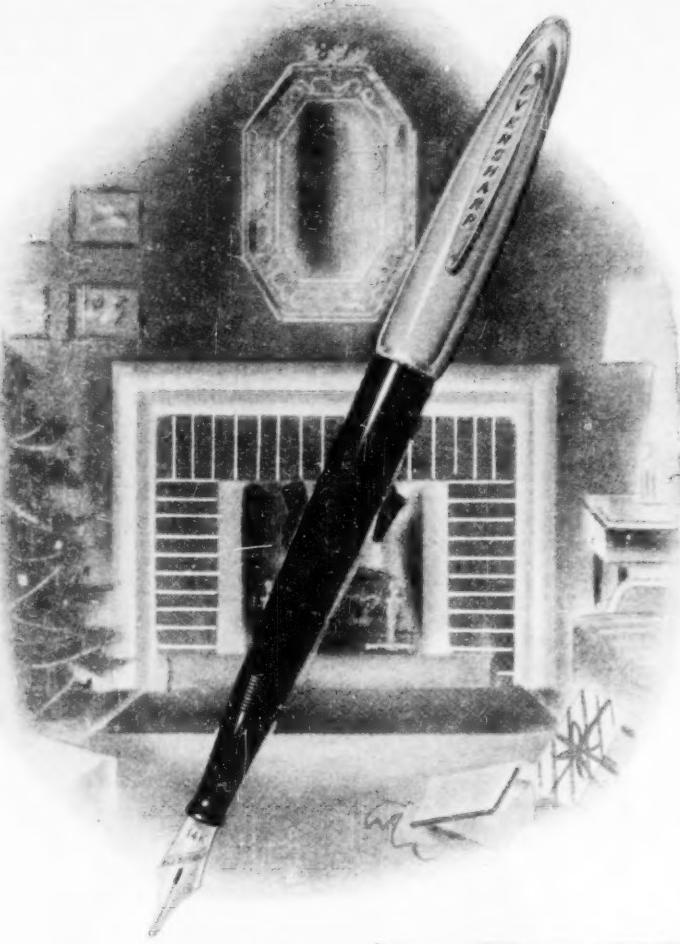
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every country, as it is the right of every human being, but backward nations have to be guided toward full responsibility like children. Great Britain has been the supreme mother of nations and has established the law, the church and the legislature for all time in the nations that sprang from her womb. The UN, with its conglomeration of big and little nations, should have sustained Britain in her great task, instead of taking decision after decision which could only result in a dangerous weakening of Britain's position in world affairs.

**Will the UN Fill the Gap?**

Is it any wonder Persia knew that it had only to raise a cry of "Persia for the Persians" to influence the soft hearts and soft heads of the UN? Let John Bull come respectfully hat in hand and give any reason why the Persians should not grab the industry that British wealth and British skill created.

Is it any wonder that Farouk took time off from his tours of gambling casinos to thumb his nose at John Bull and tell him to get out of the Sudan? Why should Farouk have had any fears that the UN would hesitate to place its weight on the side of the little fellow against the British giant? And after all, what were the British doing in the Sudan? Let us admit that Egypt conquered the Sudan in the early nineteenth century, a fact which could be legally regarded as conferring settlers' right, but her rule of the Sudan was corrupt, cruel and disastrous. Great Britain stepped in and eventually gave the Sudanese an administration which has brought them from a primitive stage to a readiness for complete self-government.

I know that what I am writing will be regarded by many people as a diehard proclaiming the glories of a past that is dead and regretting that he has to live in a world that looks ahead. I have lived in the realm of controversy too long to be worried by criticism, no matter how violent, but what I am determined to do in this article is to utter a warning that the persistent weakening of British influence in world affairs is going to create a vacuum that may not be filled by the UN, but by a force more closely knit, more capable of swift decision and less likely to be influenced by moral issues.

**Scotland Under the Yoke**

Nor does the solicitude of the UN for non-British nations end with questions of evacuation and prestige. The UN is constantly worried about the system of imperial preference whereby nations of the commonwealth make tariff concessions of mutual benefit to each other. For some reason this shocks the idealist. That the nations of the British Commonwealth combine against the enemy in war is an admirable thing, especially as in the two world wars the British have had to hold the line against the aggressor. But it is quite different when the British nations combine together in peace to maintain trade with each other.

I have no doubt that pretty soon the conscience of the UN will be stirred to action by the dreadful spectacle of Protestant Ulster insisting upon being part of the United Kingdom instead of incorporating itself into the Irish Republic, which refused even America the use of its ports when Hitler was trying to starve Britain into submission.

And what about the Scottish Nationalists? If they sent a deputation to the United Nations and told how Scotland longs to throw off the yoke

**IN THE NEXT ISSUE:**

**HOW TO TACKLE  
THAT TURKEY**

**James Dugan, a recent graduate from the Turkey Technological Institute, tells all you have to know to make your Christmas dinner a feast.**

IN MACLEAN'S DEC. 15 ON SALE DEC. 12.

of imperialistic England, I have no doubt the matter would be placed high up on the agenda.

**U. S. Leads a Shriveling World**

We have seen the effect of all this upon the smaller backward nations. Britain, the giver and maintainer of the law, is now depicted as the exploiter of human liberty. Forgotten is the brave imagination of her explorers who added continents to the map, forgotten are the doctors, missionaries and scientists who gave their lives in combating ignorance and disease among helpless natives, forgotten is the work of planters, miners, industrialists, engineers who made a new life in many lands, forgotten are the state servants who created justice and parliamentary government where ignorance and fear had been. The leadership of the world has passed to the United States with her wealth, her vitality, her high purpose and her inexperience.

We should be thankful that the great United States of America, which clung so long to the impossible philosophy of isolation in a world that was shriveling like a raisin, has accepted the responsibility of its own strength. But she needs the wisdom of Britain at her side. The English-speaking leadership of the free world must have more than one accent.

I know that the ideal of the United Nations is a great one and that if it is true to itself we may yet see some form of world government with armies as components of an international police force. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but we cannot attain it overnight, or even in a decade. The march of events must proceed at its own pace and not break into a mad gallop.

I am writing this as a Canadian living in Britain to Canadians living in Canada. There is no law which makes the British Isles the perpetual centre of the commonwealth. It is not the soil of a country but the soul of a people that marks it out for leadership. All of us, no matter how scattered, are heirs to the tongue of Shakespeare, the courage of Elizabeth, the humanitarianism of Wilberforce, the vision of Raleigh, the faith of John Wesley, the spirit of Churchill. Now is the time when those of us who were born in the outer empire and accepted without thought all that the past had given to us can sustain and strengthen the mother country. Heavy forces are arraigned against her and history is watching with its pen poised.

I do not believe the great days of Britain have come to an end, but she will need the affection and confidence of her children across the seas. ★

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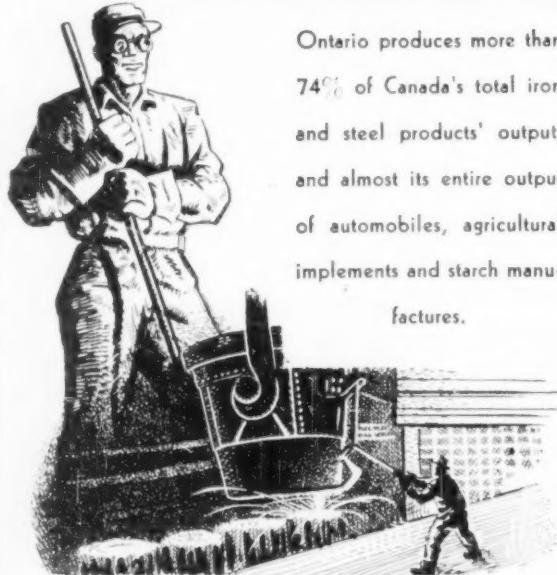
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### Backstage in Britain

Continued from page 5

Churchill of the familiar Karsh photograph, the great man who won the war.

"If we are to have cheering we ought to have boozing too," he continued. "This is a free country. In countries not so free we are allowed to cheer, but we have to be careful about our boozing."

Then he went on to recall that it was forty years since he first came often to Plymouth, since he first became First Lord of the Admiralty on Trafalgar Day 1911. "Much has happened since then," he went on, "some of it good, some of it only middling. Through what trials and troubles have we passed — yet here we are, still a great strong glorious race who have defended civilization heroically, successfully and for a period alone." And at that word "alone" the crowd broke into a roar which this time was unbroken.

"And now," he said, "I want to talk some party politics—I hope the boozes are ready." He went on with a fairly routine run through party slogans — "time for a change," and so on—but turned deadly serious as he said, "We can't go on like this. I would rather have even a socialist government in power . . ."

Confused, the hecklers broke in with ironic yells. Churchill beamed at them benevolently, "You musn't boo in the wrong place."

Then he completed his sentence, "I would rather have a socialist government with a secure majority than continue the present miserable indeterminate situation."

There was more, much more, none of it substantial but all of it good. He finished in undisturbed triumph—his hecklers had gone home.

Next in showmanship—indeed the only man in Britain who competes with Churchill on anything like his own ground—is Nye Bevan, the fiery Welshmen from the mine fields.

I covered Bevan in Reading at two meetings, one big, one relatively small, though both had large overflow crowds outside. The bigger meeting was held in a dance hall where Bevan started talking at 9 p.m. The hall was crammed to capacity by five-thirty. Yet in the very front row were Tory hecklers who evidently had sat at least four hours for the privilege of expressing their hate. They wasted their time. Like Churchill, Bevan thrives on hostility. If his supporters had planted these hecklers they could not have done a better job of bringing out his main points with doubled emphasis.

But these debating triumphs left hatred aggravated, not assuaged. This is the sharpest contrast between Bevan and the Conservative crown prince, Anthony Eden.

Having heard Eden before on various formal occasions I was amazed, hearing him in Birmingham, to find him Bevan's equal or near-equal at rousing enthusiasm in a crowd. And he has an advantage over Bevan which, in this moderate country, may well prove decisive. Eden arouses enthusiasm without arousing animosity.

Before the meeting I asked a Birmingham Labour spokesman if heckling was likely. "I doubt it," he said. "We all like Eden, you know."

At the meeting you could see why. Any socialist could have listened to the Eden speech without resentment, for it contained nothing unfair, nothing unkind and little that was directly critical. At one point, talking of the need for Anglo-American unity, he said: "Of course we shall have arguments. I had plenty of arguments with American friends on my trip there

(last summer). In fact I even found myself defending this socialist government." Nevertheless Eden's speech as a whole was devastating, the most effective criticism I heard from anybody of the Labour Government's foreign policy. Pleasantly, chattily outlining what he thought should be done, Eden drew withering attention to what had not been done.

I came away from the meeting convinced that if Eden was the leader a Tory victory would be a certainty.

Clement Attlee, last but perhaps not least, differs from all three others. Only with Eden has he anything in common at all: like Eden he succeeds in offending no one. Unlike Eden, he doesn't arouse much enthusiasm. However this isn't as much a disadvantage as it sounds.

It may not be too much to say that "Our Clem" Attlee is a strong political force just because he doesn't stir the emotions. More than any of the four (much more than ex-miner Nye Bevan) Clem Attlee looks the very personification of the little man. Eden with all his charm is unmistakably a toff; Attlee is an ordinary bloke who looks and talks like an ordinary bloke, but whose record proves he can hold his own with toffs.

Even now it's impossible to say which of the four styles is the most effective. For one thing two were on each side and nobody can tell which predominated in victory and defeat. For another thing it's arguable how much effect public meetings had in converting people. It's even arguable whether anyone was converted at all.

Quite by accident I sat in on the Sunday-morning briefing of a Labour Party canvassing team in North Paddington. "Don't stop to argue with anybody," the agent said. "Just find out whether they are pro or con and go on to the next house. If you argue you won't convert them anyway and you will waste time. Your job is to find out who is going to vote Labour so that we can get out the maximum vote on Thursday."

It's a humiliating thought, but maybe that's democracy. ★



Continued from page 15

the Grey Cup finalists in '49 when they shook the thunder from the sky, for sure, with a sensational match. They both hit bottom with a thud. Injuries shattered the Montreal backfield defense. Ratterman—as he admitted rather bravely—never caught on to what the three-downs game was all about.

Calgary's line was racked with injuries (though that was no exception) and as in the case of Montreal, the coach may have felt duty bound to go along with veterans and the basic system of championship days a bit too long. Both sides had a certain amount of internal trouble too. And both supplied some upsets with flashes of old form when excellent performers such as Thodos, Roberts, Trawick, Ciccia, Pantages (not consistent this year but still a great prospect), Toohy, Blackburn, Champagne whose loss through a broken neck—the worst injury of the year—hurt the Stamps mightily. Hood, Spauth and others at times rose to an occasion to lift their team momentarily to winning form. Oddly enough Montreal had their best year at the gate.

Edmonton and Hamilton were the pace-makers. Each of them figured out the peculiar import setup to a nicety and took advantage of the clause that allowed more than seven Amerks until Oct. 1. The Eskimos had eleven around at one time to assure the presence of seven, the legal limit, fit and ready for each fray. Both sides roared into big leads and then, as the last cut came, both encountered setbacks in injuries, and the Tigers lost Joe Shinn, the talented end who had to e her go back to school or into the U. S. Army. Stukus had four linemen and Miles, his surprise scat-back, out of action at one time during the Eskimos' October slump.

To carry it further, the Eskimos and Cats made much use of the running game, Custis with his fake passes and brilliant dashes around end, Waggoner on his wide sweep and Taylor plunging. Stukus with his single wing had Paffrath, still doing great blocking, Miles or the other colored find Chambers out of Montreal scooting the flanks, the spirited Kwong knifing off tackle and Mike King crashing through back of a solid blocking line with his knees pumping.

Argonauts and Winnipeg, the two solid titlists in '50, also had much in common. At one time the Bombers with the loss of their regular half-line of Spavital, Casey and Ford, unsettled by court troubles and the slow start of the much-publicized Huffman, as well as the out-for-the season injury to big John Brown at centre, seemed on the skids. Argos meanwhile had Dekdebrun, their clever QB, feuding a little with club officials and a bit under par physically, Kerns and Hirsch on the limp, a weakness on the flankers and injuries to Crazy Legs Curtis and Ted Toogood, their speedballs of the backfield, all of which robbed them of muscle velocity. They too appeared to be on the way out.

Here the thorough Frank Clair got his combinations clicking. His fast backs returned to form, a fine end in Pfeifer was added, the two-platoon system began to outlast some over-worked opposition. Nobby Wirkowski, the new quarterback, settled away to give Clair the long throw he wanted on the passing attack.

Argos had backs like the Karrys, Bass, who held them together in the

Continued on page 67

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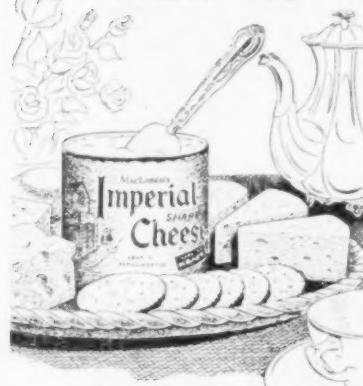
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### Can Churchill Win His Last Prize?

Continued from page 13

one civil servant gloomily remarked, "When you think how desperately we are now scrambling to find an extra half million tons of coal for the winter you can imagine the result if the mines shut down for two weeks. It would cost eight million tons."

This is the problem facing Sir Walter Monckton, the new Minister for Labour. Sir Walter is an able man with a distinguished record in various fields of government service but he has had no direct experience with labor problems. He is bound by Churchill's explicit pledge not to amend British trade-union legislation. Moreover he is almost equally bound by the whole Conservative campaign not to permit real wages to fall.

So much for domestic affairs. Abroad, the British position is also suffering as a result of the election campaign but in a different way. The Labour Government was all too well aware that foreign policy was the weakest part of its record this year. Whether failure could have been averted by an alternative policy is a debatable point, but there's no debate on the existing plight. The loss of the Abadan oil refinery in Iran was a calamity of the first magnitude. The threat to the Suez Canal was checked by resolute action during the campaign but nevertheless served to underline the shakiness of the British position in the Middle East.

Labour, apparently believing that attack is the best defense, started its campaign with the slogan, "A third Labour Government or a third World War." At first this seemed a damp squib. Churchill went on the air with a withering appraisal of the Abadan crisis and predicting the same kind of thing at the Suez. The Conservatives redoubled their appeals to British pride and their calls for a strong foreign policy.

But then the rejoinder itself became a boomerang. Labour kept asking, "What do you mean 'strong foreign policy'?" Aneurin Bevan, for one, supplied his own answer when he dealt with a heckler at a mass meeting in Reading: "I'll tell you what the Tories mean by it—war, war, war." And with each repetition of the word "war" the soft Welsh voice became at once lower and stronger.

Bevan can and did make neutralism itself sound like an aggressive policy. Talking of the "patient wisdom of Clem Attlee" as opposed to the "rumbustious belligerence of Winston Churchill," Bevan said, "That policy isn't dramatic. It isn't as romantic as some grown-up Boy Scouts would like. It doesn't stir your blood but"—and again the soft voice dropped almost to a hiss—"it doesn't spill your blood either." Nye Bevan, of course, has been somewhat isolationist all along. His departure from Attlee's cabinet followed his opposition to a rearmament program at the expense, as he thought, of social services.

But even Herbert Morrison, who followed the late Ernest Bevin as foreign secretary, was not above making subtle play with warmonger slander. I heard him on election eve at Battersea, a slum suburb of London. The smog was so thick I could hardly see the back row from the Press table. The audience was solidly working class, though not unanimously friendly to the spruce chipper figure on the platform (Labour lost one of its two Battersea seats the next day). But nobody booed or heckled him on his war policy. "I have never called the Tories war-mongers," he said with a grin. "I am very careful with my choice of words.

I do maintain that the cause of peace is safer in the hands of Labour than in the hands of a Tory government." This line, which Morrison used throughout the campaign, recalls the ancient parliamentary jest: "Mr. Speaker, I withdraw the statement that my honorable friend is not fit company for pigs. On the contrary I admit he is fit company for pigs."

The whole warmonger theme proved surprisingly and (perhaps even to the Labourites themselves) shockingly effective. Sitting up in a third-class carriage in an overnight train from Birmingham to Plymouth I fell into conversation with a young conscript returning to military training from



week-end leave. Too young to vote, he was not interested in politics. He said, "The lads don't talk about it much. They just say that if Churchill is in power we'll have a war straight-away."

Labour and Conservative canvassers alike reported this view was held by millions. Labour itself may now feel it has opened a Pandora's box by thus releasing this pent-up fear.

In Bristol I heard an obscure Labour candidate named Harold Lawrence addressing a big mass meeting for Attlee. He said, "Since this meeting began hundreds of people have been killed in Korea. You may call them Reds, gooks, anything you like, but they are people with families. I suggest it's time this war was stopped." Lawrence is not a Communist; he is a pacifist of Quaker background, against war on principle. The reaction to this statement and to him was interesting. In a recent by-election Lawrence had earned the distinction of losing more Labour votes than any candidate in the history of Bristol West: he cut the 1950 general election total in half. All Conservative hecklers had to do was ask, "Are you a pacifist?" and "Are you against rearmament?" Honest Lawrence invariably answered yes to both questions and they floored him utterly on polling day. This time Lawrence didn't win but he did more than double his own previous vote in the same riding. Last time he was the only Labour candidate who did not get a supporting letter from Attlee; this time he spoke on the same platform at the same meeting as Attlee. His statement against the Korean War drew applause as loud and solid as any passage of any speech all evening.

This striking demonstration was the campaign's most ironic fact: Labour found its most conspicuous failure was its strongest campaign plank. The Conservatives, to everybody's astonishment, found themselves on the defensive about foreign policy.

All this may give an idea of the unique political difficulties facing Churchill's none-too-stable government. I underline the word political—Britain is in no danger of either bankruptcy or neutralism. But though Britain is in no grave peril, the British Conservative Party's peril is very grave indeed.

The question is whether the Conservative Government can perform the harsh unpalatable tasks which the times require and still convince the electorate it is acting in the interests of the whole people and not just the rich. It seems essential that the Government's first acts will include measures specifically penalizing the higher income groups. Churchill has already promised an excess-profits tax, and some newspapers are advising him to add a capital-gains tax to skim the cream off stock-market operations.

This advice spotlights one great advantage a Conservative government has over a Labour government. If Attlee could persuade the workers to unpalatable duties, Churchill, Eden and Lord Woolton can do the same with management. It is paradoxical but by no means unlikely that this businessmen's government will immediately make things tougher in some ways for businessmen. For instance, when the Labour Government rationed newsprint or electric power management was prone to think the socialists were cracking down on the capitalists for the fun of it. The Churchill Government may well have to reduce even the present rations when necessary cuts are made in dollar imports and when the winter fuel supply is surveyed, but the businessmen, however disappointed, will at least not be resentful.

The Churchill Government, moreover, has real compensation to offer—the return of free enterprise to a major role in the British economy. It is pledged to end bulk buying and to allow professional traders to handle the nation's trade. It is pledged to end the now endless petty restrictions which hedge business operations at every turn: such as the recent order forbidding merchants to light their shop windows, which was followed by a second order permitting it at certain hours, then by a third order changing the permitted hours to an entirely different schedule. It is pledged to comb out the swollen ranks of the new socialist bureaucracy.

Churchill has another advantage, equally decisive in foreign affairs. He can surely deal with Washington more amicably and more effectively than socialist Attlee.

Here again is a paradox. Churchill's greatest service may well be to convince the Americans that Britain cannot bear the rearmament burden the Attlee Government undertook. As I said, its impact has not yet been felt but many patriotic citizens believe it is too heavy. One solidly conservative journalist, the last man to suspect of radical leanings, said, "We're attempting too much and too much is being expected of us. On the rearmament issue I think Nye Bevan was right."

Attlee, especially after the split with Bevan, couldn't hope to convince outsiders that Britain was unable to carry out her commitments. Churchill might. Not even Senator McCarthy is likely to accuse Winston Churchill of being pro-Communist.

Whether or not Churchill has the slightest intention to make any such attempt, he does believe profoundly that he can help avert a third war. As he said in a moving passage in his final campaign speech in Plymouth, "It is the last prize I seek." If he wins it few would deny this greatest victory of a uniquely victorious career. ★

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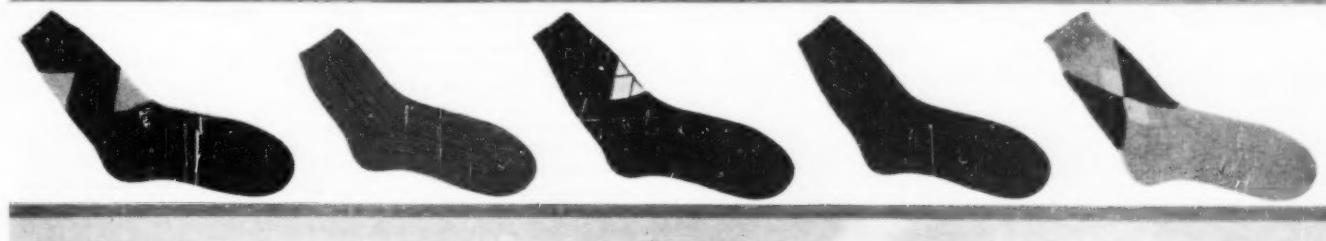
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## Teacher, I Love You

Continued from page 19

"You just have to be friendly and interested and listen to what they have to say," says Jean. At play time she romps with her children as their equal. "I'm not afraid to get mussed up," she says. "I'm down on the floor as much as I'm on my feet."

Jean Care speaks of her classroom methods as "progressive" but she uses the term cautiously. "Many people think progressive education stands for complete freedom of expression, even allowing the kids to smash the windows and tear down the plaster. That's a lot of nonsense." She believes that children have to be taught discipline, good work habits, orderliness and all the other old-fashioned virtues, but she's convinced the old methods of strict regimentation and punishment are not the most effective ones.

In essence, as Jean sees it, the job of the kindergarten is to prepare the child for the years of formal instruction which lie ahead. He has to learn to think for himself, act independently, be able to work and play with others. She believes that children respond to encouragement better than to criticism or scolding. A child learns more easily through doing than he does through being told. Thus, whenever possible, a child should be given the actual real-life experience. When this is not possible, he should be introduced to information in an appealing way—by songs, rhymes, stories, handiwork and dramatizations.

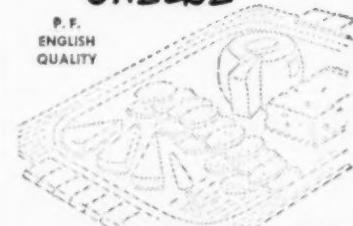
At the South School kindergarten the children don't line up and march into class at the sound of a bell. They enter the classroom as soon as they come to school. The first child generally gets to school about twenty minutes before the nine o'clock deadline. Jean and her assistant, Margaret Boos, have already been waiting for them for ten minutes. "It's important that the teacher be relaxed and pleasant when the children arrive," says Jean. "It sets the tone for the rest of the morning." Since the children drift in a few at a time for the next twenty minutes there is time to give each one an unhurried greeting. Each child is usually bursting with information. "Baby sister has a new tooth" . . . "Daddy had an accident in his car" . . . "We have a new pet turtle" . . . Jean listens attentively and makes an appropriate comment. When a child comes late—which is not very often—Jean comforts him by saying, "Everyone has accidents once in a while." She knows that a child is embarrassed by his lateness and, furthermore, an adult is usually the cause of it.

In putting on and taking off clothes the children are encouraged to do as much as possible for themselves. "We can do it much faster ourselves," says Jean, "but the children aren't learning anything by it." She'll patiently stay by the child, encouraging him, just as long as he's willing to struggle with a zipper, a button, or a shoelace. According to a fellow staff member, during the heavy clothing season Jean spends half her lunch hour at this chore. Most people think it's almost impossible to teach a five-year-old the finer points of dressing. Jean disagrees. "It's all a question of how you show him. For instance, in showing him how to make a knot in his shoelace you should stand behind him—the same position the child is in when he ties it."

The longest session of the day—the work period—comes first. The children set their own task, do it their own way. To give them ideas Jean will gather the group around her and say, "Shut your eyes and think for a moment what

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Self-help underlies all these activities. At the beginning of the year Jean carefully shows where all the materials are kept. Everything is within easy reach. Routines are carefully explained: for example, if he wants to paint the youngster has to get his paints, three brushes, water, put on a rubber apron. When he is finished he replaces his equipment, takes off the apron, cleans the brushes, places the painting up to dry. If a youngster forgets the routine Jean tells him. "Georgie painted yesterday. Ask him how he went about it." Jean feels that often children learn better from children. And besides, a spirit of co-operation is being fostered.

When children won't participate in an activity Jean is on the lookout for an underlying cause. Once an alert child from a wealthy home said he was through with painting. "But your last painting was wonderful," exclaimed Jean. "I bet your mother was proud of it." The child's mouth tightened. "Her?" he said bitterly. "She threw it out. Said we had enough junk hanging around the house. What's the use of trying?" After making a mental note to speak to the parents Jean said she would like one of his paintings to hang in the classroom. Another child, a girl, refused to paint, claiming it bored her. What emerged after a few minutes' conversation was that her reluctance was due, not to boredom, but to a lack of self-confidence. "But I wouldn't know how to turn on the tap to get the water," she protested, and: "But I wouldn't know how to clean the dirty brushes." Given a little bit of extra help and encouragement she was soon painting eagerly.

Jean feels that a teacher who pretends to be infallible is a handicap to her pupils. "If the youngsters think you're perfect they're afraid to try new things for fear of making a mistake," she says. Accordingly, Jean makes it her business to tell the class whenever she makes a mistake, spills or breaks anything or doesn't know the answer to a question.

A regular feature each morning is "telling time." Seated on the floor in a group around the piano, any child is free to get up and show the group any of their possessions or discuss matters of interest. All kinds of things have been brought to school including pet dogs, cats, tadpoles, books, dolls,

records and a litter of wild rabbits. Sometimes family secrets are aired. One little girl said, "My mom is going to have a baby but she's not telling daddy. She's saving it for a surprise!" One little boy got up, opened his mouth and pointed to the gap in his upper row. "I lost my tooth," he said. "I left the tooth at home but I brought the hole to show you."

"Telling time" is an invaluable time to add to the children's knowledge of the community in which they live. December, for example, is the month for celebrating Chanukah—the Jewish festival of lights, as well as Christmas. Jewish children will bring to class traditional objects used to celebrate the festival—menorahs (a ceremonial candleabrum), dreidels (a kind of top) and orange candles. Jean, who is Gentile, will read the story of Chanukah and play traditional Chanukah tunes on the piano, like the *Dreidel* Song. At the appropriate time of year other Jewish festivals are discussed, like Purim, Passover and Succos—the harvest festival. To many Gentile children this is the first formal introduction to Jewish life.

Jean Care believes a classroom can be anywhere. Last October the children decided they would like a Hallowe'en Jack O'Lantern. They discussed how much they could afford to pay for a pumpkin, the best place to buy it, and how to get it home. After saving their pennies for two weeks they set out one morning for Longo's fruit store on Spadina Road, a few blocks from the school. A previously selected committee of four negotiated the deal with the proprietor. Then, loading their prize on a wagon which they had brought along, they took turns pulling it back to the school. Other expeditions made by the class include visiting a farm, buying a bird, going to a neighborhood grocery to buy fruit juice and cookies, visiting the post office, the railway station, and a nearby garden to see a nest of robins. Jean keeps tab on her brood when in crowded places by having them all hang on to a long piece of heavy clothesline.

Jean believes the teacher must study each child as an individual. Accordingly, she starts in May to get acquainted with her September class. Parents are called in for a half-hour pre-registration interview during which all kinds of questions are asked about the child's home, background and behavior. After all the parents have been interviewed the children are invited to spend a day at school in the month of June. This preview session helps allay a great many fears. "Very few children now cry when they're brought to school in September," says Jean. "In the days gone by the floors were literally flowing with tears."

Often the first days of school are not easy ones for both parents and children. Separation can be painful. "But it's a lesson that has to be learned," says Jean, "unless the parents intend to go on living forever." Jean frowns on the practice of some parents who insist on accompanying their children to school even though they only live a short distance away. "But she's so little," says the parent. To which Jean will sometimes reply, "Don't you think you're keeping her little?" Jean admits traffic is a real hazard but that you can't go on sheltering a child indefinitely. The wisest procedure for home and school is to teach the child how to behave on the street when on his own. She recommends that parents take their child on practice walks to school for several days before opening.

Even the most nervous mother can be helped to cut the apron strings. One small girl cried her eyes out because her mother wouldn't let her come to

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school alone just like the rest of the kids. After a long talk it was agreed the mother would accompany the child only three quarters of the way. When the child showed she could look after herself that distance was gradually decreased, until at the end of two weeks she was able to come all the way herself. "It meant a lot to the girl," says Jean. "Kids hate to be different."

Sometimes, during the early days, a child flatly refuses to stay at school. How you deal with that situation depends entirely on the individual child. When one, a healthy and well-adjusted boy, clung desperately to his father's leg at the school door, Jean lifted him bodily and carried him into the classroom. "It doesn't take long for the average child to become happily absorbed in the school program," says Jean. No such drastic methods were used on a girl who cried and shrieked when her mother was about to leave her during the first day of school. She was a thin child who had been painfully ill for several months during her third year. With good reason she had developed a deep-set fear of nurses and doctors, and when she saw a nurse walking through the corridor she concluded the school was some kind of hospital. During the week it took to dispel that illusion her mother was permitted to sit in class with her.

Many children have hidden fears, some imparted to them by parents, others conjured up by a lively imagination. Jean believes it's important to bring these fears to light and deal with them before they can do the child real harm. One girl refused to accompany the class to the high-school auditorium next door to see a movie. She finally admitted she was afraid. Afraid of what? As nearly as the teacher could discover she was terrified not by the movie but by the trip next door which involved walking through a basement. "I'll walk with you holding your hand and you tell me what frightens you," said Jean. As they approached a bank of lockers with metal screen doors, the child clutched Jean and shrieked. "There they are—the cages full of fierce tigers!" Jean told her she was mistaken and took her over to examine one of the lockers' contents—nothing more threatening than an overcoat and a pair of overshoes. "She loved the movies after that," says Jean.

When a storm comes, Jean seats her children around the piano and works the thunder into a song and story. At one point they sit quietly waiting for the thunder to burst and then sing:

The thunder is rolling,  
Rolling and rumbling,  
Rumbling and tumbling,  
High in the sky.

Most children can be taught to accept storms calmly, if not to actually enjoy them.

To learn more about her children Jean spends a good deal of time quietly jotting down her observations on small cards. At storytelling time she'll notice the questions asked. ("It indicates the child's powers of observation, intelligence and reasoning.") One child cocks his head from side to side. ("Hearing may be defective and he's straining to listen.") A little girl sits listlessly, paying no attention to the story. ("She was probably kept up late last night by her older sister with whom she shares a room.") A blond boy fusses and fidgets, disturbing his neighbors. ("He's that way every time his mother is out of town. She's away half the time.") Often she'll follow up these observations by conferring with parents.

No activity is too unimportant to be observed carefully. Jean has learned

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"Remember those bears we met at the park, dear . . ."

a great deal from watching her children walk down the flight of stairs to the basement on the way to the washroom each morning. Some will skip down lightly, confidently, others will nervously clutch to the bannister, a few will cautiously put both feet on each step. The four-year-olds in the class generally have more difficulty because of poorer muscular co-ordination; so do the older children who live in bungalows and haven't had any practice in step-walking. On the other hand, extreme caution and hesitancy may be due to a general lack of self-confidence. Jean unobtrusively arranges for the poor step-walkers to be at the end of the line, then teaches them how to navigate the descent one step at a time without hanging on. "It's only a matter of a few weeks before they're skipping down," she says.

#### Come, Skip to My Lou

While such achievements sound trivial to many adults they're of earth-shaking importance to the youngsters themselves. Like an adult, the child doesn't like to feel inferior to those around him. One day a little girl ran into Jean's arms, crying because she couldn't learn to skip like the others. The reason was obvious: she had extremely flat feet. "No reason to feel badly," said Jean encouragingly. "It will take you longer—but you can learn." When such problems arise Jean often takes the entire group into her confidence so they might help—rather than ridicule—their fellow classmate. For a few minutes each day the handicapped child practiced the simple skipping exercise Jean showed her while the rest of the children sat in a circle clapping in rhythm for her. Finally, one morning, the girl came bursting into the classroom, shouting triumphantly, "I can skip! I can skip!" The children gathered in a circle, spontaneously singing and clapping, as she proceeded to prove it. They were sharing her victory. For the next month the heroine was given first turn

in every skipping game which was played.

During her twenty years in kindergarten Jean has been hugged, kissed, pinched, scratched, hit, bitten and kicked. "There's no such thing as a routine way of handling children," she says. "I've had over two thousand pupils and every one of them has been different."

She recalls Bobby, whose IQ score was so high it caused a sensation among the psychologists. At five he could play a complicated version of double solitaire as well as chess, work out advanced arithmetic problems, read scientific books and carry on a learned discussion about the solar system. But he hadn't the slightest notion of how to play or how to get along with other children. Apart from his superior intelligence, this was due to the fact that a two-year illness had kept him at home away from other children. In the classroom he would insist on sitting in the corner all day, reading. "The games you play here are childish," he told Jean. "I don't want any part of them." Bobby's father, a professional man, told me a poor teacher might have reacted to his son in two ways, both harmful. She might have pushed him, trying to get him to graduate from high school at nine or ten, or, by the use of harsh discipline, tried to get him to do as he was told.

Jean did neither. She had several talks with him. She agreed that perhaps many of the things the other children were doing were uninteresting to him. On the other hand, she pointed out there were many things he was not very good at. So they struck a bargain. Bobby agreed he would go to manual training, gymnasium, and play certain games of benefit to him. But when the activity seemed too babyish he would be permitted to read his books. "The agreement was made and Bobby stuck to it," says his father. "He felt his teacher understood him and accepted his point of view." Bobby was to spend two years in Jean's class. By the end

*Continued on page 66*



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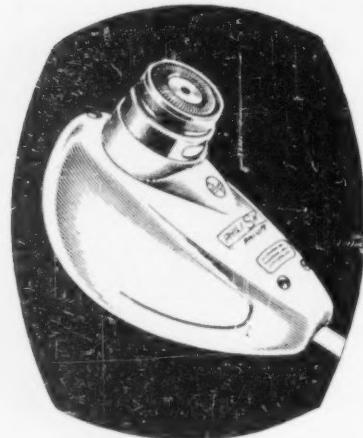
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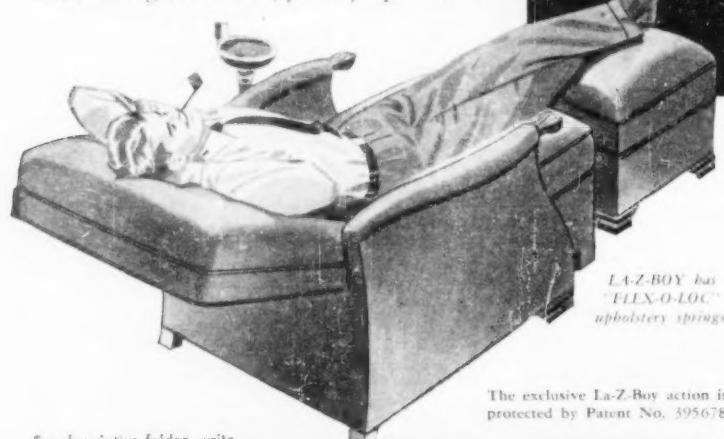
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Continued from page 64

of that time he was a changed boy: while still retaining his intellectual interests he could play with other children, take a kidding, fight back if anyone encroached on his rights. He had done so well that when school opened in the fall he was placed in grade two.

Lying is not uncommon among five-year-olds. At this age Jean feels most of the time they're not telling real lies—it's just their highly active imagination at work. The kindergarten child, with no difficulty whatsoever, can imagine himself to be an oak tree, a Siamese cat, or a four-motored long-range bomber. Jean feels many of the deliberate lies children tell are due to adult attitudes. A child who breaks a dish or spills some paint and is deeply worried over the consequences is almost certain to lie himself out of his predicament. In spite of the fact that it sometimes takes a great deal of self-control, Jean tries never to be cross with a child over a mishap. "Once the fear is removed lying becomes less common," she says.

the Forest Hill Village Board of Education and has been there ever since. Her present salary is four thousand dollars a year. When she receives a degree she is now working on she will be eligible for \$5300 a year.

She has never ceased trying to add to her knowledge. After the children are gone at 3:30 p.m. Jean sits at her desk in her deserted classroom, preparing for the next day or reading professional books and periodicals. Occasionally she used to forget herself and work right through the supper hour. It was then that principal Fred Sneath told Bill Campbell the caretaker to chase her home every night at five and lock the doors. When she does finally leave she carries with her a huge wicker basket piled high with papers, books and play materials. In the evening she's likely to be found leading a discussion of the kindergarten parents' study group, addressing a group of teachers in Niagara Falls, or going to a professional meeting.

Her mid-term and summer holidays are just as hectic. She's traveled to Salt Lake City, Utah, Asheville, N.C., and Cleveland, Ohio, to study the local school systems. She's taken courses at the National College of Education in Evanston, Ill.; she's given courses to groups of kindergarten teachers under provincial auspices at Ottawa and Winnipeg. When principal Fred Sneath invites her for working instead of holidaying in her free time she replies, "But it is a holiday!"

During the school year she also finds time to pick up her children and stage demonstrations in front of groups of teachers. Such assignments are dreaded by most teachers since it's hard to get five-year-olds to concentrate under such circumstances. Jean, apparently, has the problem licked. Before starting a demonstration in the teaching of singing at the King Edward School, Toronto, she said to her youngsters, "Better have a good look at the room and the people here because we're going to be very busy later on." For the next five minutes she played a lively tune on the piano while the youngsters skipped around, gawking at the assembly of teachers. Then they sat down for the next twenty minutes without once looking up. Surprised by such concentration one of the teachers remarked, "I bet she's only taken her best-behaved pupils!" She was wrong.

At performances of the Toronto Children Players, a theatre group, which are attended by eleven hundred children during the school year, Jean Care plays the piano during intermission and keeps a watchful eye on the kids the rest of the time. "She has the knack of spotting trouble before it happens," says Dorothy Jane Goulding, one of the directors. Occasionally a child is swept up by the action of the play and leaves his seat with the intention of climbing up on the stage. Jean invariably intercepts them. When the play takes a tragic turn Jean notices the youthful spectators who have broken down into tears, takes them to the back of the hall and quietly assures them that everything will turn out all right, then conducts them back to their seat again.

Perhaps the highest compliment paid Jean Care came from one of her former associates at the South School. She was commenting on the fact that many teachers are forever bewailing their lack of equipment: they claim they could do wonders with their classes if only they had more materials to work with.

"Jean's not like that," said a teacher. "Put her in a bare cement basement with a group of toddlers and they'll have the time of their lives. That's because she loves her kids and they love her." ★



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## Maclean's All-Canadian

*Continued from page 59*

early weeks, and Smylie and Pyzer to start late. Winnipeg, when they finally settled away, found themselves with Sokol, Fliss, Ford, Casey, Spavital, and a few more giving them a better balanced club than their rivals on the wide tertiaries, secondaries or in pass chasing and running. Thus both teams began to move in October. Armstrong, a wonderful pass receiver, gave the Bombers whatever Pfeifer brought to Argos after his late arrival and the return to press clipping form by Huffman added the needed line power.

Saskatchewan and Ottawa each had one fine line (when fit), a fair backfield, when likewise, a first-class passer each and a plan of passing without too much running except on state occasions or in certain situations. Dobbs, one of the authentic greats from the States, gave the Western Roughies a big galloping threat from his own position but kept his jaunts to a minimum owing to injured legs and the fact that everyone in the province covered his eyes and shuddered each time he was tackled, as they cherished him as some very valuable bit of bric-a-brac. Both clubs had excellent receivers and as the season progressed, Tom O'Malley, the stoutly built, very calm Ottawa pivot, began to experiment more with some excursions of his own and some running plays by Cummings, Turner and MacDonnell. The veteran, Ken Charlton, hard runners like Bodine, Becker, Wardein, Glasser and Greene gave the Regina attack some variety to go with Dobbs' mammoth heaves, often thrown from the back pocket. But, same as the Ottawas, when the backfield was weary from too much toil they had glaring weakness on pass defense. This was a general failing with too many of the hired help on almost every squad, who seemed to be so dazzled by scoring statistics they forgot how to tackle.

A pleasing feature of the campaign, besides the good attendance in seven cities, was the number of college players who continued to break into the Big Four line-ups. In the past two years the likes of Taylor and Gray of Western Ontario University and Logan of Queen's, McDonald and Neumann, high schoolers, have all come up to the Hamiltons. Toogood, Newman, Cummings, Arnott, Arnett, Marshall, Bennett are other Canadian students who have made their presence felt with Argos, Ottawa or Alouettes, thereby giving the eastern clubs a better chance for depth than is possible on the prairies where the Fact Foundries do not specialize in football in the Metras-Masterson manner.

The Ontario Rugby Football Union, the only other feeder, was aided somewhat by the entry of McMaster University Marauders, if only for one year, and there are signs that Ottawa may adopt the Windsor Royals as a farm club on the Argonauts-Beaches pattern. The Scullers can credit their ORFU Stable with four or five players on their very effective platoon system and, altogether, nine or ten graduates from the Overlooked Union. This points some sort of a moral in favor of the preservation and encouragement of secondary senior playing in Ontario.

Right now, Fisher, Mattingley, McKeever and Chorostecki, of Sarnia; Pulley, Lee, Gilmour, Cal Fisher, Tuttle, of Beaches; Hawkrigg, Wrigglesworth and Berezowski, of McMaster and La Sorda and the old-time giant Len Wright are good for places in the Big Eight and there is no extra charge for this scouting service.

Let's see, what else was there? Oh,

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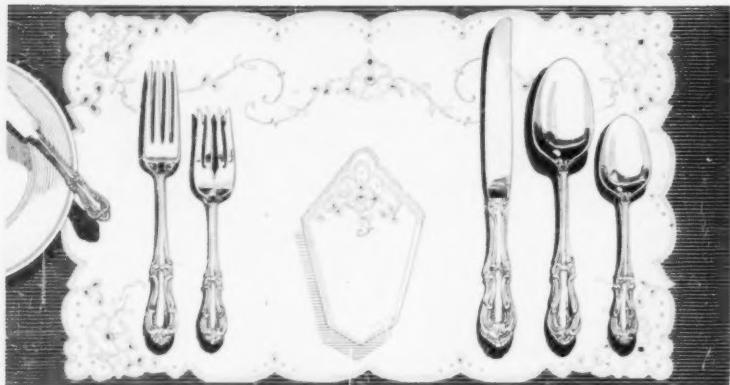
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D-2

yes, the 6-3-2-1 and even the 5-4 went out of favor more than somewhat on defense, the 6-2-4 or Cup being used a good deal as the coaches reasoned it gave their defenders a better chance to pick up the opponents breaking for passes. Eight- or even nine-men lines for passer-rushing or piling-up purposes, were also frequently seen.

As the season progressed more use was made of the new rule permitting the outside or flanking halfback on the attack to come up over the line of scrimmage to make interference and thus make life more miserable for the wide secondaries and referees. Argos by using a split end and two flankers, one slightly back of the other, achieved what was practically the old long shift right, or left, of the Twenties with nine men up and the quarter and two backs as potential ball handlers. A running guard to sweep ahead often managed to shake Curtis, Pyzer and other speeders loose on damaging sorties from a long pitch-out.

The college teams in the East, aided by the cheering sections, bands and so forth that even the highest-paid pro packs can hardly hope to replace, supplied some of the most entertaining sport of the autumn. This means we always have something to fall back on when, and if, the balloon goes up some rainy season on the present highly pressured senior situation.

What's that? The All-Stars? Right away—but from the above mixture of two-platooners, late starters, injured, experts, specialists, slumps and resurges and clashes of systems, please remember a modern squad should have three All-Star line-ups—one going in, one coming out and one in the hospital. With that in mind, when in doubt we gave the nod to the hard-rocks who could do their offensive chores and yet were hard hitters, on the premise

that the Fancy Dans can't do much with the ball until they get it.

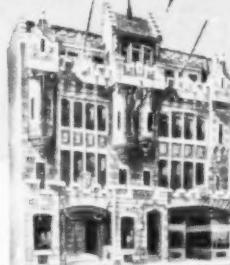
So we'll commence with Buckets Hirsch of Argonauts at centre. He had lots of competition, for nearly every club had a durable guy in that roughest of all positions. Red Ettinger was a hard tackler and valuable placement kicker for Regina. Blackburn, a Chicago pro, was an experienced spirited performer behind the oftentimes crumbling Calgary infantry, and Joel Williams, a tower of power for Edmonton. Loney of Ottawa remains one of the best of Canadian linemen and showed his spunk by playing a weekend double-header for the short-handed Ottawas after joining the club late and after only one practice. In fact every team had a good man there, but Hirsch, in his second season with Toronto, although a step slower than in his rib-rocking days with the Buffalo Bills, had afternoons when he was in on at least half the team's tackles. While he doesn't snap as accurately as Blackburn or Keys, the 215-pound five-foot-ten Northwestern product, he has the anticipation and clutching of the truly great backer-upper.

At inside wing (or "gahds" as our newcomers insist on calling them) there were more good Canadians than at any other position save running half, partly because most of the clubs spent their import quota on the huge ready-made tackles that roam the gridirons of the States. Gents like the veteran Frank Morris, Les Ascot of the old Argo rocks of granite; Black, Clair's present fine running blocker; De Leeuw, Di Francesco, Iannone, Springstein Quandamatto. All could tie with such experts as the imported De Marco of Edmonton and the fast-smashing Ciccia of Alouettes. But Eddie Bevan of Hamilton, a native

*Continued on page 70*

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the nightshirt — for I am too tall.

I have outgrown, likewise, the hushabys  
and cradlesong, the stocking and the stick;  
the fables of Kris Kringle and St. Nick  
fool me no more. No legend satisfies  
this sceptic — for I am too wise!

Even the rich plum puddings are no more  
for me, since I must watch the things I eat;  
the apple and the walnut and the sweet  
belong to strong-toothed youth, the days before  
I grew ulcerous and effete.

And yet, despite these uncontested signs  
that I have grown too big to be beguiled  
by Christmas, still I love it! Undefined  
by years and change, it claims me. All its shrines  
are sacred — as when I was a child.

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and my augmented size there's no outgrowing  
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—HELEN HARRINGTON

*Player's*

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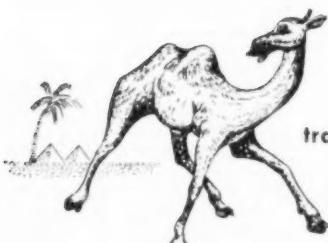


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*Continued from page 68*  
of that city and also the offspring of a football-playing father, earned the All-Star rating with us with his finest season. He seemed to be continually in the opposing backfield; he was a good blocker and a fine downfield tackler, giving canny Carl Voyles a chance to spend one of his import positions on added offensive strength as he looked over his large line and muttered, "All this and Bevan too." Eddie weighs 215 pounds, is five feet ten inches tall and fast afoot.

The other inside slot goes to big Bill Stanton of Ottawa, one of the most versatile of footballers. Since arriving in Bytown from the Buffalo Bills at the start of the '50 season he has played everywhere on the line but snapback. A North Carolina grad, the 215-pound, six-foot-three Stanton took several games at middle this year but fits in anywhere as indicated by the fact he made the Maclean's melange last December as outside wing and thus has the speed to make a fine running guard. William is a terrific tackler and one of those perfect team players.

Martin Ruby, first-year man with Saskatchewan up from New York Yankees, 250-pound, six-foot-four Texas product and holdover Buddy Tinsley of Winnipeg, another Texan, via Los Angeles Dons, are the middle wings. Yup, we saw Bob Gain of Ottawa, by way of Kentucky Wildcats, the best lineman we have had in Canada since Dave Sprague retired, but injuries, a virus infection that peeled sixteen pounds off him in one week and his late arrival prevent him from placing here. We hope this six-foot-five, 250-pound specimen is around next fall, preferably as a fullback. We could never figure some of those Amerik ideas—why can't these huge quick-moving men, who knock down so many would-be tacklers for their mates, lug the ball along themselves and save time?

There were others, too, at the all-important triangle of defense where the tackles play. Veteran, great-hearted Herb Trawick, Montreal, showed flashes of the form that made him famous. John Kerns of Argos added tackling ability to his fine blocking. Huffman finished fast to live up to his Los Angeles reputation. Carpenter and Sazio continued to be anchors of the tough Tiger line. But Tinsley had the all-round steadiness and strength (it ruined the Bombers in the 1950 finals when he was hurt) while Ruby is remarkably agile for a man of his size. Both giants have all that weight in solid form, being anything but stylish stouts.

Third Maclean's repeater along the line has to be Vince Mazza of Hamilton the 220-pound, six-foot-two crusher in his second sensational season as blocker, play pile-upper, and sometimes receiver. His pivot into the opposing plays is devastating and, learning the hard way on the short-handed Bengals of 1950 about the running that must be done in the wide-open spaces hereabouts, reported trimmer and a good deal faster this season. This hard-hitting but good-natured iron-man with the straight forearm tackle that seems to knock runners flat even when he is being taken away from them, has become one of the most popular performers in the East.

Picking his partner is the hardest task of all as so many expert receivers were brought in from the States this year. Jack Russell, a big all-round performer, arrived with the finest rep and was one of the reasons Regina tied for top in the Western Conference yet he had to perform part of the year

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with one good arm. Armstrong of Winnipeg turned out to be a spectacularly effective receiver; the fleet Shinn, a real find for Hamilton, had to leave early and the hefty, shifty Pfeifer arrived late. The catchers were plentiful, some better tacklers than others, some more likely than others to go places once they had grabbed the ball. We selected Rollin Prather, a Mazza-like type, in Edmonton. Maybe that will surprise some Westerners but he hits so hard, fights so well and is so durable (albeit a rabblerouser) we had to go along with him. Nearly a sixty-minute man he can block, tackle and is a good receiver. Not as fleet or neat as the best in that department but sure and fairly capable of adding quite a few yards every time he grabs a pass. His dossier reads: height six feet five, weight 216 pounds, school, Kansas State.

Now, back up him and Mazza with a flying wing named Bob Simpson of Ottawa. This young Windsor product, in his second year in the Big Four, has very large hands and a tremendous burst of speed, despite his 195 pounds of husky five-foot-eleven power. He has a happy competitive spirit and is one of the best tacklers in the country. He can dodge on the run or plunge like a fullback as well. He alternated at end or wide secondary and should one day make a fine line-plowing halfback. As with others he benefits in a selection like this by being with a club that is short enough of subs to keep him out there most of the time, going both ways. But he can stand it with his rubber physique.

A companion to Robert and Buckets somewhere around the secondary would be our fullback Billy Bass of Argos. Smaller and a little lighter than the traditional fullback type he does not hit the line a belt like Blake Taylor, Pantages at his best, Spavital, the brilliant but oft-injured Blue Bomber from Oklahoma, or Toronto-bred Mike King. But he can swerve better than any of them except King, who is a natural plunger but not interested in much else. He can go much further if he gets that extra step into the gap and rates with Simpson, McDonald of Tigers and his team-mate Ted Toogood as one of the best open field or backfield tacklers in the business. He's remarkably strong for a 185-pounder.

Bass has the pro experience—Chicago Rockets—the speed and the jump to make him a two-way guy of high order in his third Canadian season. Roberts, the Montreal powerhouse from the Giants, showed signs of being the most accomplished ball carrier of all but he suffered injuries and never had a chance, except in a couple of matches, to get really chugging with the disjointed Als.

So it is Bass, defensive worth again turning the vote. Which brings us into the centre of the controversy that has rocked the prairies all season. Who is the better quarterback—Glen Dobbs or Jack Jacobs? Both are comparative old-timers from the pro loops, both are remarkable passers, both are good runners and both are good field generals, although Jacobs didn't show any signs of that in last year's Grey Cup final. Both are excellent kickers, and both were the key men in Saskatchewan's and Manitoba's sometimes spotty but often sensational sessions. Jacobs was in better condition physically, being a hard-wired six-footer free of the chronic injuries that beset the brainy Dobbs. The Indian is also a fierce tackler as he showed even against Argos in that mud-splattered final, his only poor game last year. Dobbs when called on has the rep of being strong defensively. His six feet, five inches,



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great reach and deceptive speed are a great asset when the opposition passes.

Though Spait and Fearless Frank Filchock, as good competitors as ever came this way, had some games that reminded the fans of their All Star Days, the Dobbs-vs.-Jacobs issue was the one that had the western newspapers in a dither. Dobbs and Jake also rate with the best booters, right up there with Joe Krol who made a fine comeback this season after the Argos decided to give him more work.

The East had a fine quarterback in Bernie Custis of Hamilton, a big fleet fellow who was as good a passer and tackler as either of the western stars. Custis was a better runner than either of them, being younger and full of zing. Bernard loved to gallop and often turned down a chance to pass for an excursion around the ends when they rushed in. His one fault was a tendency to ignore Canadian tactics, such as taking advantage of the wind or a placement kick when it might mean a win.

Having said all that we have to go along with the brilliant if slightly creaky Dobbs, mainly because of his team play. He showed great generalship early this year to bring Regina a couple of very important low-score victories on wet fields.

Jacobs, a battler, can fire a team but sometimes gets them firing in the wrong direction and also shows a tendency now and then of wishing to fire the coach. Dobbs, on the other hand, a hero in his adopted town, is a most astute businessman type of good will ambassador with customers and team-mates. He is a born leader and in many ways the best all-round American player we have had here since Cornell Johnny Ferraro.

Speaking again of comparable features of the eastern and western games we might have mentioned the presence of very fleet colored dodgers in each loop—Miles and Chambers of Edmonton; Casey of Winnipeg; Custis of Hamilton; Bass and the wild running, short-bodied, long-legged Curtis of Argonauts. But of all the backs in the game this year none had more all-round ability than Winnipeg's Tom Casey, playing his third Canadian season. He can kick well, rates with the others as a runner, is a good catch and just about equals the sturdy Curtis in breaking tackles. Thomas is better than a fair tackler himself and passes well, all of which earns him a place again on the Maclean's All-Star half-line. Tom Ford of Winnipeg, out most of this year, is another player like Toogood, excellent defender against passes. These Canadians with Hood, Gray, Stewart, Copeland, Thodos, Cummings, Smylie, West and McLarty have this lateral pass run-back down to a much better drill than the imports. But Toogood, on the well-staffed Argos, was doing so much on the defensive platoon that he lacked Casey's chances to shine with such feats as that ninety-nine-yard TD run that Tom pulled in one Osborne Stadium contest.

For the other running back we give you, and you too if you are still here, Hal Waggoner the Tulane flash, who was outstanding in every Hamilton game with his off-tackle sweeps and his tackling from tertiary. One of the fastest men in football, this squatly, remarkably strong youngster arrived in camp with little buildup and promptly began to grab forward passes, swoop for long gains and knock opposing ball carriers into the sideline seats.

So there they are and we know you can well add your specialists. But we'll have to go along with this Durable Dozen to get us the ball and move it along. ★

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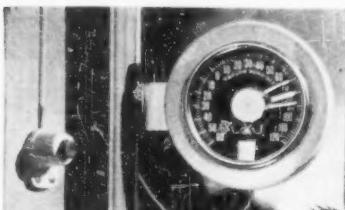
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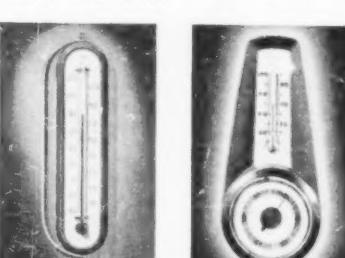
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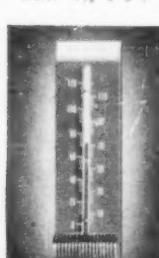
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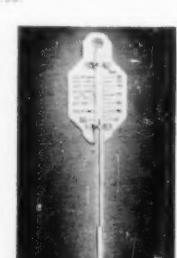
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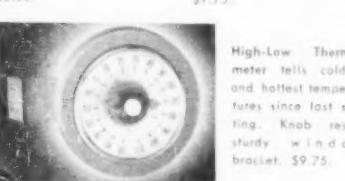
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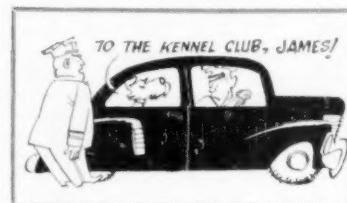


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**T**HREE'S a gay dog, a four-legged one, in Vancouver who goes out on the town whenever he feels life lacks bounce around the house. Frequently his owner has to bail him out of the pound after one of these binges.

But the woman who owns him was totally unprepared for his belated



return the other Sunday morning about seven o'clock. She missed it but the woman next door saw it all as she was putting out her milk bottles. A taxi drove up to the house and Tiny staggered out of the back seat. The driver pulled away without comment, leaving the canine *boulevardier* to make his way to the porch where he spent the rest of the day dead to the world.

A student minister making calls in a northern Saskatchewan farm community recently found himself trapped in a friendly way by a bachelor who wanted him to stay and share his supper of pancakes. The parson said sure he was crazy about pancakes although the appearance of his host's kitchen had roused a few doubts about the fare. His worst fears were realized in the form of scorched lumps of batter. But, to avoid giving offense, he took a second helping and at the same time worked out a technique whereby he could slip the cakes into a convenient pocket.

Later that evening in his round of visits he dropped in on a family who asked him into their neat living room for a talk. With a sigh of relief he whipped out a handkerchief to mop his brow and with the gesture lobbed a badly singed pancake to the carpet in front of his startled hostess.

• • •  
A restaurant in Digby N.S. has this notice printed on its menus:

NO LIQUOR ALLOWED ON  
THE PREMISES,  
AND WE SERVE THE BEST

At the other end of the country in Vancouver a storekeeper advertising cocktail dresses with a window



display placed an explanatory card beside a decanter of red liquid at which the mannequins were looking with fixed interest. The card read:

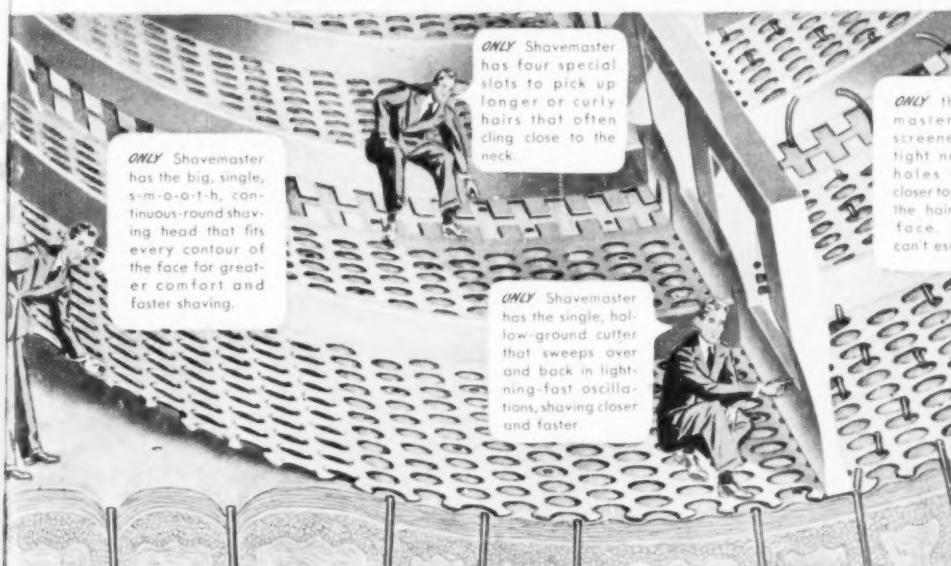
COLORED WATER

• • •  
Officials at the provincial jail at Lethbridge, Alta., were proud of their shiny new fire truck. One day a prisoner alerted the place with the cry, Fire! An excited rush to the truck led to the humiliating discovery that, due to a short circuit, the thing on fire was the vehicle itself.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

# Only Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

**has the TWICE-AS-WIDE shaving head  
that shaves twice as much beard in same time**



Magnified cross-section end view of Shavemaster's Bigger, Single Head

ONLY the Shavemaster head is screened with a tight network of holes that are closer together than the hairs on your face. Whiskers can't escape.

## How it shaves the whiskers

The Shavemaster's big, smooth head gently flattens the hair follicle mounds so that the whiskers project out. The whiskers are thus shaved at the base of their "craters," below the normal surface of the skin.

The diameter of the average whisker is only one-third of the diameter of the holes that screen the Shavemaster head. The holes are closer together than the hairs on your face. Whiskers can't escape—they are picked up freely, instantly. Each hole is counter-sunk from the outside. The skin rests in these dished-in holes, enabling the double-edge cutter to shave close. That's why Shavemaster shaves cleaner and faster. There is no injury to the skin—and the face not only LOOKS better, but feels better.

## Here's Why

**Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER**  
is the NATIONAL FAVORITE

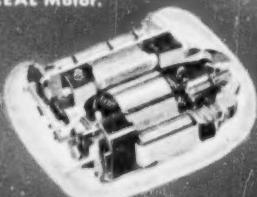


**SHAVES CLOSER, CLEANER** The top reason men prefer Shavemaster, dealers say, is the s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r, cleaner shave it gives. No beard too tough—no skin too tender. Only Shavemaster's bigger single, continuous-round shaving head makes this superior performance possible.

**SHAVES FASTER** A big portion of the men who have made Shavemaster the best seller are men who once thought electric shavers took too long and wouldn't shave a beard like theirs CLOSE enough. Shavemaster gave them the pleasantest surprise of their lives. It takes the average man about 7 minutes to lather and shave with soap-and-blade. That man gets a better shave with his Shavemaster in a fraction of that time. Even if you've got the toughest, heaviest beard, plus a tender skin, you'll shave faster and smoother than by any other method, wet or dry.

**GREATER COMFORT, CONVENIENCE** You get a closer shave — more comfortable — more convenient — no nicks or cuts, muss or fuss this new Shavemaster way. Find out for yourself. See it at your Sunbeam dealer's. Most dealers are prepared to have you try the new Shavemaster right in their stores.

The ONLY electric shaver with a powerful, 16-bar armature, self-starting REAL Motor.



Why we use ONE  
Twice-size SINGLE Head instead of  
a multiplicity of small heads

NEW MODEL W  
Shavemaster (1,750 openings)

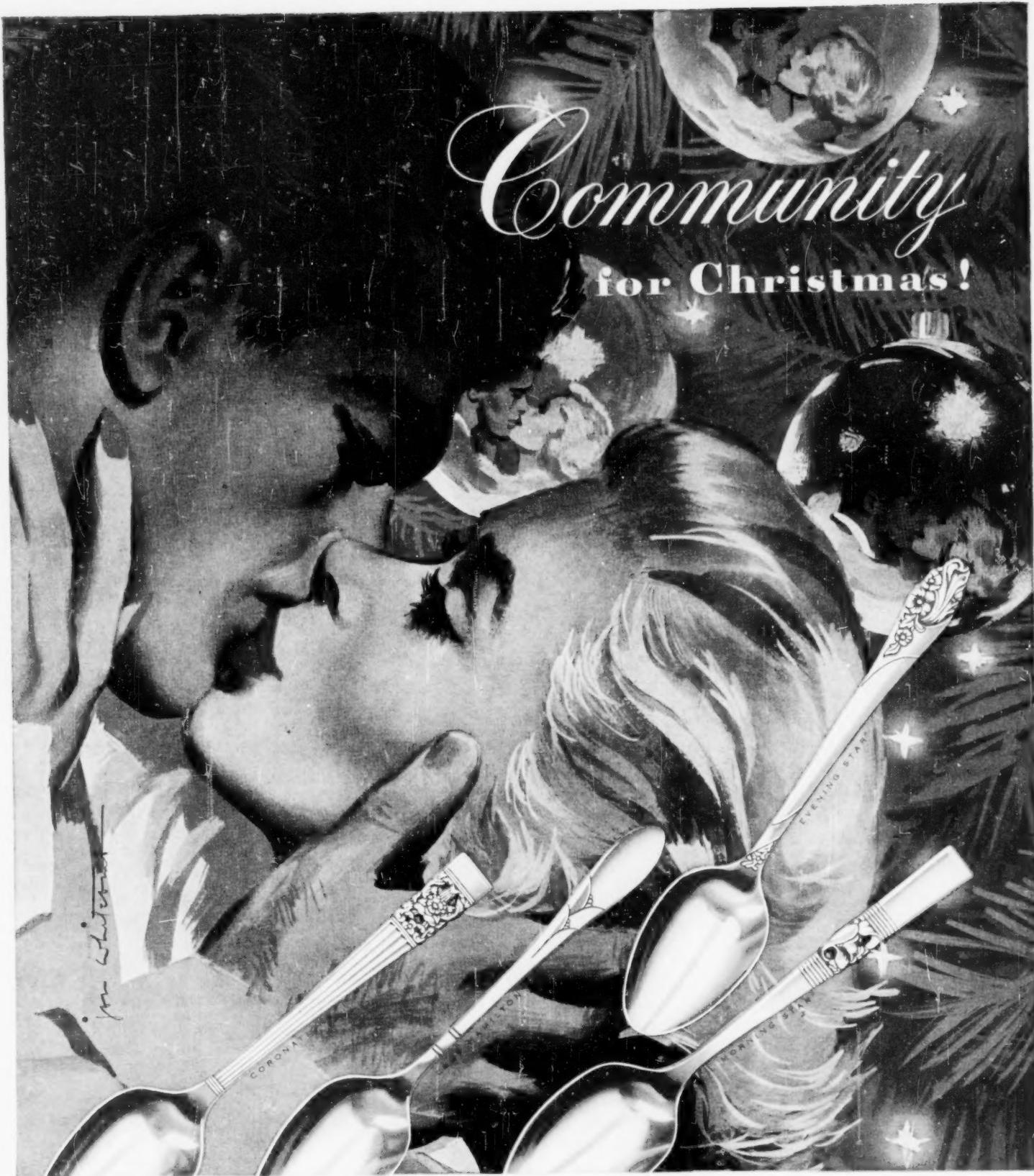
### Multiple Heads

Sunbeam's bigger single head gives you over three times as many shaving actions per second as shavers with many smaller heads.



Give Sunbeam and you Give the Finest

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED . . . 321 WESTON RD., TORONTO 9, ONT.



Your favourite bride wants her first-favourite silverware—Community!\*  
And for Christmas too...it's the loveliest gift of all. Six piece place  
setting \$9.75. Services for 6 as low as \$54.75 in anti-tarnish chest.

YOUR DEALER HAS COMMUNITY . . . THE FINEST SILVERPLATE "MILADY" PATTERN NOT ILLUSTRATED  
ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

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